The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

STORIES: Victor Chapin, Anthony West

The Conquest of Space	**Willy Ley**
Be Pleasant about the New Religiosity	**Donald Sutherland**
Water—A National Problem	**Hatfield Chilson**
Our National Defense Position	**Arleigh Burke**
Sex in Contemporary Literature	**Charles Glicksberg**

POEMS: Martin Robbins, Albert Cook, Robert Wallace, Judson Jerome, Joan Swift, John McGann, Raymond Roseliep, John Williams

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The conquest of space

WILLY LEY

There can be very little doubt in anybody's mind that the space age is under way. At this moment there are about thirty-two artificial satellites in various orbits around the earth, and there are three instrument packages in planetary orbits around the sun, not to mention one shot for impact on the moon. And now you can read almost anywhere that the space age began October 4, 1957.

Let me tell you a little personal story of how this date shaped up for me. On that evening I attended a small private dinner at the Harvard Club in New York, and around 10:30 the waiter came in and said, "Which one of you gentlemen is Professor Ley?" I got up, and he said, "You are wanted on the telephone." I went to the telephone, which he pointed out to me, picked up the receiver and said, "Yes, dear?" (I could do this with impunity because only Mrs. Ley knew where I could be found that evening.) "You'd better brace yourself," my wife said. "The first Russian satellite is in orbit." After a moment of speechlessness on my part, I said, "But they are late." "Yes, I know," my wife answered, "but they are in orbit now." The very fact that my instinctive reaction was to say, "But they are late," proves naturally, which logic will tell you anyway, that such an event as putting the first artificial satellite into an orbit around the earth could not have happened overnight. There had to be quite a history behind it. And let's go through this quickly after I make a personal observation of another type.

Many of you will remember the storm of astonishment and so on that followed the announcement of the Russian satellite in orbit. Most people, at the time, stated that they were astonished, dismayed, uncertain, unhappy because it was a Russian satellite. Personally I have the feeling that they were dismayed, uncertain, and unhappy because it was a satellite.

Up to the year 1957, there had been quite a number of people interested in the future and in space, and there were, as I know

from the sales of my own books, many who liked to read about this, but it was always something that was comfortably far in the future. Even engineers at the time would say, "Oh, it will take at least ten years." The layman usually had the comforting feeling that it would take at least twenty years. I believe that most of the "dismay" was due to the fact that now it was there.

It is, to my mind, no coincidence that at that time a worried German wrote a book (which I don't think is very good, but I defer to public opinion) with the title *The Future Has Already Begun*. The future had begun on that night. Therefore, a new era had started, and it took some time to adjust to it.

Now let us go into what you might call the "pre-history" of the new era, and to make it convenient, let's chop this pre-history into a number of shorter periods which can be easily handled. To begin somewhere, let us start with the year 1900. What was known in 1900 was the most important information, but people as a rule didn't realize that this was important, namely the laws of planetary motion. As a matter of fact, it may shock you to learn that especially the theory of artificial satellites was in existence then, and had been in existence for quite some time. The theory had actually been stated by an Englishman, whose name I'll keep under security for a moment, and this Englishman had spent the summer of a certain year writing, because his book had to be ready for presentation at the fall meeting of the Royal Society of London. Well, his book was ready, and it contained the theory of artificial satellites, and the meeting was held in the year 1687. The man, of course, was Sir Isaac Newton.

The theory of artificial satellites existed mostly due to Sir Isaac Newton; the laws of planetary motion were known mostly through Johannes Kepler's work. What was still lacking in 1900 was a means of producing the necessary high velocities. Satellite velocity is on the order of four and one-half miles per second. The precise figure depends on the distance of the satellite from the ground and also on some other factors like the eccentricity of the orbit, but the general figure to keep in mind, the velocity which a satellite must have to be in orbit and to stay in orbit, is four and one-half miles per second. This velocity had seemed to be a complete impossibility, which is the reason that for two and a half centuries physics students learned Sir Isaac's discussion not as a technical

possibility but as a philosophical concept, or as an exercise in higher mathematics.

By about 1900, however, a few people had appeared who said, "Maybe it is just an engineering problem." One of these people was a German, an inventor by the name of Hermann Ganswindt—whom I met when I was quite young and he was very old. He showed me documents on satellites dated around the year 1890. Another was a Russian, who did not lecture, mostly for the reason that he was deaf. His name was Konstantin Eduardovich Ziolkowsky, and he had written down what we now call the first treatise on space travel in 1898 and had sent it off to a magazine in Russia, which at that time was run by an editor who was not a man to make quick decisions. Ziolkowsky submitted his manuscript in 1898. Five years later the editor decided to publish it, so that the date of publication of the first treatise on space travel is 1903, by sheer coincidence the same year in which the first airplane took to the air here in the United States.

The Russians now are in the habit of making a great deal of to-do about this treatise and ascribe to it virtues which it actually does not contain. It's a very short treatise—if typewritten it would be about fifty pages long—but there are a few virtues in it, which I shall not keep secret. In the first place, Ziolkowsky guessed (I think I should use the word "guessed") that the best fuel for large rockets was kerosene burned with liquid oxygen. This is still being used. Another interesting little fact about his manuscript is that it is the first piece of printed matter which uses the very old Russian word "Sputnik" in the sense of an artificial satellite. The third one is that it contains the sentence which has been quoted and requoted so often that about a year ago I found it in the writings of a British author with the statement "source unknown." The sentence which Ziolkowsky wrote in 1903 was this: "Of course the Earth is the cradle of humanity, but who wants to stay in his cradle forever?"

The second man to deal not so much with space travel but with rocket construction, design, and application for high altitude research was an American, Professor Robert H. Goddard. Goddard's first two observations on the subject are publications only in the legal sense. They were in the form of two patents. It has been my experience during thirty years of scientific activity that

patents are read only by patent attorneys. So Goddard's first contribution to rocket technology, these two patents, remained unknown until he became famous later for other reasons. Now let's take the next ten years from 1915-1925. Again Goddard's name has to be mentioned first, because in January, 1920, the Smithsonian Institution in Washington published the first of Goddard's two treatises on high altitude exploration, which he had written during the war. What the general attitude in those days was like can be seen from one figure: somebody decided that 1750 copies would be enough. He could not believe that more people could conceivably be interested in a treatise entitled "A Method of Reaching Extreme Altitudes."

It turned out later that two other people, one Austrian and one German, had also written books on space travel during the First World War. The one published in 1923 had beeen written by Hermann Oberth, a professor of mathematics. After its publication two events happened. One was that a Russian mathematician, or engineer, by the name of Aleksandr Tchiyevski read Oberth's book and remembered that he had read something like this before. He dug up the old 1903 treatise by Ziolkowsky and had it reprinted in 1923 with his own introduction. Now we always like to say that the Russians are mysterious in their ways. This reprint bears out this general impression. The book is in Russian, of course, written by a Russian, reprinted by a Russian, who writes a foreword claiming all priority for Russia, and yet this foreword is written in German!

Two things happened because of Professor Oberth's book: one was the reprint of Ziolkowsky, and the other was that the third man—or the fourth man if you include Ziolkowsky, who was alive then—Dr. Walter Hohmann, the official City Architect of Essen-on-the-Ruhr, pulled out a secret drawer in his desk, or at least an unused drawer, and polished up a manuscript which he had started writing in 1912 and put away in 1916, and which he then published in 1925.

Thus years from 1915-1925 saw the publication, in one case the republication, of the first four treatises on rockets and space travel. Please note that I left out the word "missiles." It is interesting to compare these three books, all written during the First World War. Professor Goddard writes about high altitude

rockets and their application to upper atmosphere research; in an appendix he discusses the possibility of a shot to the moon. Professor Oberth's treatise discusses rockets for high altitude research, mentions the possibility of rocket-propelled research aircraft, throws in one chapter which is now known as the first treatise on space medicine, and ends up by prophesying what we now call the space station: namely, the manned artificial satellite. Dr. Hohmann's book, actually written before these other two, didn't say a word about design or construction, which is strange—especially since its author was a practicing engineer—but devoted about one hundred pages of fairly heavy mathematics to the problem of investigating which orbits should be travelled by a space ship. We can say now, looking back from 1960, that Professor Goddard's book has become reality completely, including the moon shot, and that Professor Oberth's predictions have been realized except for his prophecy of the manned artificial satellite, but that Dr. Hohmann's book is still in the future practically from page one, which deals with the re-entry of a body returning from space.

By 1925, then, theory was complete, but nothing had been built yet. But in 1926 Goddard built the first liquid fuel rocket. It rose into the air on March 16, 1926, from Auburn, Massachusetts. (I've just written "liquid fuel rocket" and "it rose into the air"; so your mind is probably picturing what TV has shown at Cape Canaveral: Jupiters and Redstones and Atlases and Vanguards going up. Well, the first shot didn't look like that.) Goddard's first rocket rose just about as high as the roof of an average building.

Then things began to develop in a fairly rapid manner. Goddard got financial support, mostly from the Guggenheim Foundation, and started building larger rockets.

In 1927 the Society for Space Travel, usually called the German Rocket Society, was founded in Germany. By 1929 we had acquired enough money to do some experimentation. I came home one day and there was a young man waiting for me. He told me that he had read my book, that he had heard of our experiments, that he wanted to become an engineer, and that he wanted "in." What should he do? Now the plain facts of life were that at that time we had just about run out of money. But you don't tell this to young people and discourage them; so I pointed out,

which also was true, that winter was coming, our equipment had to be put away for the winter, and so probably nothing would happen until the next spring. But in the meantime, leave your name and address, because if something *does* happen, I'll notify you. He said, "That's fine. My name is Wernher von Braun."

At about this time the concept of the ballistic missile came to life in the brain of a Professor Becker in Germany. Becker had the advantage of being a ballistician. (He is one of the authors of a *Handbook on Ballistics,* which must be a good handbook, because while it was first published in Germany, it was almost immediately reprinted by His Majesty's Stationery Office for use by the British forces.) Professor Becker was, at the time, in charge of development of new weapons for the army of the Weimar Republic. This army had been severely restricted by the Treaty of Versailles. It was not permitted to have anti-aircraft guns, or airplanes, or tanks, or any artillery of more than three inches bore. Becker took this as a kind of personal insult. Earlier in his life he had developed a twelve-inch, long-range gun, an eight-inch gun with a range of eighty-three miles, a seventeen-inch heavy howitzer, and now he was nailed down to a three-inch bore! Then he read Oberth's book, and he reasoned, "If that man is correct—if liquid fuel rockets can be built of *any size,* provided you have the necessary skill and experience—well, such rockets should be usable like long-range artillery." And since the people who wrote the peace treaty of 1919 had not been advised by experts and engineers, they had not mentioned rockets in the treaty. Hence the development of long-range rockets was *not* a violation of the peace treaty.

In 1931 the first rockets built by the German Rocket Society worked. The German Army at that time was willing to develop missiles, or to help develop them, and was willing to pay the bill, but couldn't find any takers. Early in 1932 we could already demonstrate rockets which, about a mile or so up, threw out a parachute and were recovered. As a matter of fact, von Braun reminded me recently, that one day when I wasn't there they recovered one of these rockets in a manner which they haven't been able to duplicate on a large scale: namely, by racing in a car in the direction in which this rocket was drifting, with one man

standing on the roof of the car and snatching it out of the air before it touched the ground!

In the same year, 1932, the first Russian liquid fuel rocket rumbled up into the air—I don't know how high. It had been developed by a very young engineer named Anatoli Arkadievich Blagonravov. Every once in a while now, you will find newspapers quoting an article by Professor General Blagonravov, the same man who built his first rocket in 1932. By 1932, also, the German Army decided that it could not find anybody who would develop missiles; so the army had to do it. The German Army got to work and in about ten years came up with the first large ballistic missile: the V2. Blagonravov and his assistants in Russia had by 1938 succeeded in shooting to an altitude of six miles, which was higher than any rocket had gone. By 1940 they had succeeded in developing a small rocket-propelled airplane for one man, and then they were told to stop. As a matter of fact, as the story came to me, they were told to stop because the Nazis across the border were preparing for war and Engineer Blagonravov and his assistants should do something useful for the war effort. This was early in 1940.

By 1945 Germany had collapsed and its V2 was taken over, so to speak, by the United States. In the first place, the whole German research and planning staff had surrendered to General Patton's Third Army. The factory where the rockets were built had been captured, also by the Americans, but was in the area of Germany to be occupied by the Russians. What we did then was an act of kindness, at least it could be interpreted that way. We had to hand the factory over to the Russians if only for the reason that it was a cave in a mountain, but we could "clean up" in the meantime. And we did. In this way we got a total of about seventy-five V-2 rockets to the United States in bits and pieces. Of the seventy-five, about sixty-five were in working order. The Russians are known to have captured two V-2 rockets and the plans.

From there on, the two paths diverged. We, having the designer of the V-2, were told by the designer himself that this rocket was not the latest thing that could be built. So we used up our sixty-five rockets in a scientific research program at the White Sands

Proving Grounds and then went on to build other rockets, most of which you all know by name by now.

The Russians didn't have the help of the designers. They had captured a number of production engineers—in 1952 they were all shipped back to Germany—and so they started first building copies of the V-2 rocket. In one respect the Russians had a great advantage over us. Since they use the metric system, they could use the plans as they were. We would have had a long and tedious job of translating the metric plans of the Germans into the inch system, and I do not know to this day whether the inch system, which looks to me very medieval, was a blessing in disguise at that moment or whether it was a non-blessing completely undisguised. Future history will have to determine that.

But to return to the main line, which now means the period from 1935 to 1945. By this time it was quite clear not only that ballistic missiles were possible, but that inter-continental missiles were just a question of development. The scientists were back to their original love. To the scientists this whole ballistic missile thing, necessary as it is and important as it is, had been just a diversion from their original love, getting into space. By that time they could talk about artificial satellites.

When talk started in 1946-1947 about artificial satellites, I said to myself one day, "Now let us be careful. Just how many assumptions do we make?" The main assumption probably is that our fuel is powerful enough. I spent one weekend in seclusion with chemical handbooks, trying to find out whether there was a fuel combination which was powerful enough to throw an artificial satellite into orbit. I started this sometime on Saturday after breakfast. By Sunday after lunch I had three fuel combinations which could throw an artificial satellite into orbit. In 1952, things had progressed to the point that one day Dr. Fred S. Singer, still with the Atomic Energy Commission at the time, said to me, "Look, all you and von Braun and Stehling do is worry about 'thrust.' " I admitted that this was our habit, and he said, "Have you ever thought about what you want to throw into space once you have the thrust?" I replied, "No, that will come when we have the thrust." So Singer sat down and designed the first artificial satellite. His design was presented at a meeting in London in 1953, and the British science-fiction writer, Arthur C. Clarke,

gave it a name. What Dr. Singer had done was to design what at the time was thought to be the smallest useful artificial satellite, and Arthur Clarke therefore gave it the name of Minimal Orbital Unmanned Satellite of Earth, or MOUSE, which prompted Sedov to observe that the Americans produced a mountain of paper work, but did not even produce a mouse!

In 1954 we got our first artificial satellite program, a joint Army-Navy assignment called Project Orbiter, which if it had been left alone would have put a satellite into orbit some time in 1956. But it wasn't left alone. It was shelved. By 1957 it was quite clear that the Russians might be the first. As a matter of fact, the Russians had not been at all secretive about their satellite project. They never officially announced it, but after the event, when I was besieged by telephone calls, wires, and everything else you can think of, and people spoke of "the secrecy," I went through my files and found a total of seventeen rather long articles about the forthcoming Russian satellite project—all printed prior to the event. Of these seventeen, eleven were from such "unknown" publications as *Aviation Week, Science News-Letter,* the *New York Times*—journals nobody reads, you understand! That is why it was such a great surprise—except to the people who had read the articles and who all knew that the Russians had picked the specific date. (The date for the satellite shot had to be inside the International Geo-physical Year. This was an international ruling. The International Geo-physical Year began on July 1, 1957, and somebody in Russia discovered very quickly that if Ziolkowsky had lived he would have been one hundred years old on September 17, 1957. That became their target date.) We don't know whether they tried on that day and it didn't work; at any event the first successful shot was roughly two weeks later, on October 4. On November 3, the second Russian satellite, Sputnik No. 2, followed with the dog aboard, and by that time it was decided by the then new Secretary of Defense to let Project Vanguard run and to resurrect the old Project Orbiter, with an even more powerful rocket which had meanwhile been built and which had become known as the Jupiter-C. As you know, Jupiter-C put Explorer I into orbit on the last day of January, 1958.

Now there are about thirty-two aritificial satellites in orbit and they have done great things. They have settled a number of

problems which, without them, could be reasonably well figured out but which could not have been proved. To give you one example: Back in 1928, when the Society for Space Travel, in Germany, was still running, I had written to the Baron von Pirquet in Vienna, one of our members, and asked him whether he found it possible to calculate the cabin temperature of a spaceship not far from the earth but far outside the atmosphere and in space. He wrote back a few weeks later and said that of course one had to make a few assumptions, and the main assumption in this case had to be that there wasn't anybody in the spaceship, because he didn't know what factors to use for the heat production of the people in the ship, but without this factor the average temperature in the cabin worked out to about 77° F.

That had been in 1928. In 1958, Explorer was in orbit and *measured* the temperature—its own cabin temperature: the lowest 45° Farenheit—the highest 85°. Then, of course, there was the discovery of the radiation layer—the radiation belt over the equatorial regions (roughly going from 40° N to 40° S)—which has become known as the Van Allen Belt. There have been various other discoveries, as for example, the interesting one, this by the Russians, that our moon has a very weak magnetic field, if any, a finding which falls right in with the theories of some American astronomers about the formation of the moon; so we have learned a great deal.

What can we expect now? Let me describe developments as if it were 1965. We will have three chains of satellites in orbit, one chain quite low, consisting of four satellites in the same orbit of the type which they began shooting back in 1959-60. These are called "transit" or navigation satellites. They are in a specific orbit, and they broadcast their own orbit continuously. Therefore, a navigator at sea with the proper instruments can fix his own position from a satellite broadcast. He can do so with high accuracy. I have heard estimates of error as low as three hundred feet, which at the moment I don't believe, but three thousand feet would certainly be good enough. More important, the navigator can fix his position at any time of the day or night and in any weather. So that no navigator at sea has to wait long for a satellite to be above his horizon, there are four transit satellites in the same orbit. This orbit is the inner ring.

The next ring, about six hundred miles out, consists of the type we all knew back in 1960 under the name of *Tiros,* which is a satellite carrying television cameras in orbit to take pictures of the cloud cover of the Earth. *Tiros* satellites are needed because 75 percent of the Earth's surface is water. Now most of the United States is well covered by weather stations. So is most of Europe, North Africa, the southern tip of Africa, the Japanese Islands, and the east coast of Australia, yet only 5 percent of the Earth surface is covered by this network of weather stations. Thus, the meteorologist of 1960, even if he could get all the station reports, which of course he couldn't, had a picture of only 5 percent of the weather of our planet. With *Tiros* satellites in orbit, the meteorologist has a picture of 80 or more likely 95 percent of the planet's weather.

The third ring is the communications satellites, which are in orbit over the Equator at a distance of 22,300 miles and therefore need precisely twenty-four hours to go around the Earth once. Since the Earth completes one turn in twenty-four hours, the satellites seem to be motionless over one point on the Equator. Since they hang there motionless, it is possible to beam them with very high precision and this provides nearly planet-wide coverage by reflected radio-telephone waves.

For the world of 1965 these three satellite chains will also be of enormous financial value. The navigational satellites will not eliminate all collisions and groundings of ships but will greatly reduce the number of them. The *Tiros* type weather satellites with their improved weather forecasts will not prevent natural catastrophes but will enable meteorologists to predict them a long time in advance so that safeguards may be taken, which will be an enormous financial asset. As for the communications satellites, the financial possibilities are immense. For example, if we had a communication satellite hanging above the Equator over the west coast of South America, say roughly over Quito, the entire Western Hemisphere, including Hawaii but excluding Alaska, could be covered by *one* TV broadcast. The technical advantages of the situation are such that the quality of reception of this broadcast will be better than anyone has yet seen. I said "the quality of the *reception.*" I make no predictions about the quality of the program.

By 1965 we shall also have progressed much farther in the man-

in-space program. The National Space Agency recently released an estimate of what can be expected, and it runs like this: man into orbit for a few orbits around the earth with re-entry and recovery roughly a year from now—1961. In about three and a half years we shall have landed, not crashed as the Russians did, an instrument payload on the moon to get automatic reports. In about six years a man will have made a flight around the moon (very much as the Russian rocket did that took the first pictures of the moon's far side) without landing, starting from an orbit around the Earth and ending up in an orbit around the Earth, with subsequent re-entry. A manned landing on the moon is roughly ten years in the future.

Nobody prophesies beyond ten years. This brings up a few questions. One which is often asked regarding the engineering problems is "Will we, ten years from now, still use rockets?" If the questioner has read all the newspapers of the last three years, he will offer you a number of alternatives to rockets, which I'd like to examine very quickly. He is likely to talk about the so-called "ion drive." The ion drive is a very useful device, but because of the Van Allen belts I consider it a useful device only for unmanned vehicles (instrument carriers of some type). How far the ion drive is in the future is unimportant. It will be useful when it comes, but it will be an adjunct to the rockets which we have and are going to have. It will not replace them.

The next question asked is, "How about atomic energy?" Now, as is reasonably well-known, the Space Agency and the Atomic Energy Commission have a joint program on developing a fission rocket in the foreseeable future. Preliminary work has already been done, but there will be two drawbacks. This rocket will not be able to take off from the ground. It is expected that it will have to be boosted into space, just as with the ion drive—although the reasons may be different. An atomic rocket would certainly contaminate its launching site, and just for that reason would have to be lifted to a rather high altitude. The AEC thinks that an atomic rocket will be a workable item in about seven years. What we cannot tell is how it will compete with the chemical rockets which we shall then have. We cannot even tell how it will compete with the ones we have now. This is the big question mark there.

In addition to such questions you hear many fantastic statements. Somebody will ask about "anti-gravity." On this I can only join ranks with my good friend Dr. John Pierce, who one day said that if he had money and if there were two development groups, one that wanted to get into space by anti-gravity and another that wanted to get into space by "black magic," his money would be with the black magicians. Finally, you hear remarks about "the photon drive," which at the moment and for the next ten years can be dismissed with just one word, "Balderdash."

So the foreseeable future rests with the chemical rocket, like the ones we have, plus, possibly, the atomic rocket. The foreseeable future includes as first priority something I have neglected so far—the man in space. A man in space has been dismissed for a while by some scientists as unnecessary. They have pointed out that instruments, of course, weigh much less than people, and that a large amount of the research in space is concerned with radiation —radiation of a type which can burn a man to death without his even feeling it happening to him. In other words the research is concerned with data that the human body has no organ to receive, but that instruments built for the purpose can.

When this argument started a little over eight years ago, I was very much surprised, but I held my peace because I didn't believe a word. Well, recently the pendulum has swung the other way. The military men (and remember that they still pay the bills) insist that nothing of military value in space is conceivable unless it is manned. From the engineering and scientific point of view, you have the very simple fact that a twenty million dollar device may not function because one contact breaks. But if you add 10 percent to the payload in the shape of a man, you get a "maintenance unit" which will increase the reliability of the equipment by 70 percent. A man is the lightest, most self-maintaining, self-guided servomechanism known. This is just a highly complicated way of saying that a human being is quite versatile.

It is also pointed out that the human brain is a medium speed, self-guided, self-renewing computer of low-accuracy, which is an equally fancy way of saying that no amount of instrumentation can replace the judgment of a well-trained man. So we cannot do without man in space. Perhaps we shall have to say "men" in space.

Naturally we have to start, as in the Mercury program for which the Astronauts have been selected, with the individual man or men. But in the future, I believe we shall have to think in terms of crews. As a matter of fact, I know that some six years ago when von Braun and I stated that the manned space station was likely to need a crew of about eighty people, there was restrained and polite but still general laughter. Now, more and more people have arrived at the conclusion that while we may start with a smaller number of men, we shall probably end up with the number we predicted.

What we have in the next ten years, what we can look forward to, in addition to the landing on the moon, is the manned space station, which is likely to grow quite large in time, and which will take over a number of functions of the unmanned satellites, but which will be essentially a research laboratory in space. But I fear that in the somewhat more distant future, say twenty or twenty-five years from now, an article on "The Conquest of Space" will open with this sentence: "The conquest of space began when the first man landed on the moon."

Time will take care of it

VICTOR CHAPIN

At three, the visiting hour, when an orderly unlocked the door, waiting mothers and sisters, who in their anxiety had been pressing against it, tumbled into the ward like a litter of puppies at mealtime. Almost invariably, one or two of them would fall to their knees and, finding themselves in an appropriate position, raise their arms beseechingly.

Collins, the Negro intern, who was new on the job and more confused about it than he would admit, considered the visiting hour the most difficult one of the day. It was always a problem to keep the boys occupied, but in the waiting room, where he sat with them until their visitors were announced, he found it was impossible. Though many of the boys had no visitors and knew they never would, they all watched the door covertly even as they pretended indifference; and Collins, whose mood always reflected that of his charges, watched it with them. He felt nervous, half apprehensive and half expectant. He hoped, as he knew each of the boys hoped, that today the miracle in which none of them could quite disbelieve would take place, that some neighbor, suddenly concerned, or lost relative or mysterious stranger would present himself for audience and wait beyond the wall of iron grilles until the boy he wanted to see was ushered into the visiting room through the steel door, which was unlocked to admit him and locked again behind him.

Collins knew that the visitors accomplished little, that they sat in numbed and helpless silence, proffering sandwiches, sweets, and fruit, on long benches beside the wooden tables, avoiding the eyes of their particular delinquent. He dreaded the hour that followed the visiting hour when the boys who had had visitors were defiant of the reproaches they had received, in words and looks, and the boys who had sat with him in the waiting room, waiting in vain, were defiant of their neglect by family or friends.

When he passed through the visiting room and stared at the

women who gestured to him from their knees in a show of spectacular grief, Collins felt angry at their ignorance and helplessness, at their suffering which, he knew, they accepted as inevitable, the work of a malign force that governed from some great distance outside themselves. He knew so well from his own experience that women could endlessly endure. He knew how they adjusted to disasters, accounted for them and accepted them, courageously but superstitiously, with bursts of drama, with wailing and ranting, but never with thought, with self-knowledge. Everything that happened to their sons was something done to them. They were incapable of judging their own responsibility for their sons' behavior. Collins felt acutely embarrassed and uneasily angry when they fell to their knees before him. It was to escape from emotion such as this, from the helplessness of blind feeling, that he had, when still quite young, determined to become a doctor, for he thought that in science he would find a life of reason and logic. Even now, after so many years of struggle, of discouragement, hard work, and loneliness, he still believed that science had an answer for everything, or would have eventually, and that all he had to do was to go on searching, working, hoping, until some day he could look at the world serenely, with the ultimate knowledge that would account for all tragedy, injustice, misery, and failure.

Every mother who knelt before him and clutched his knees looked up at him as if she thought that he alone of all the men in the world could save her son. When he reached down to raise them to their feet, he tried not to remember his own mother who had hired out to scrub and wash so that he might be saved for better things. If she had not died, she would be proud of him now and feel that she had not worked for nothing; but he could not believe it, not yet, though he wanted to believe it desperately.

The charge nurse, Miss Bailey, a tall, broad-shouldered bleached blonde who plucked her eyebrows and concealed a flawed complexion under layers of greasepaint inexpertly applied, was taller than Collins; and when she appeared at the door of the waiting room, as she did now, exactly on the minute when she was supposed to relieve him, Collins felt intimidated by her. She cast a sharp, appraising look about the room, which was empty except for the rows of benches on which the boys were sitting and the

desk raised on a dais from which Collins surveyed them. This room, like all the others on the ward, faced on a court and received the sun only for an hour in the mornings.

"One missing," Miss Bailey said accusingly when she finished her count.

"Piccolino," said Collins.

"Oh. I forgot him. You couldn't pry him loose?"

"No," said Collins. "I tried, but he raised such a fuss I had to give up."

"You mean he made sounds?" Miss Bailey asked sharply.

"No, of course not, but he can kick and bite."

"I think he's faking," Miss Bailey said decisively.

"Faking?"

"They often do, you know, once they catch on."

"Piccolino isn't faking."

"Perhaps not. But he shouldn't be allowed to sit in the toilet all day."

"Can *you* get him out?" Collins asked angrily.

"No," Miss Bailey answered. "But Dr. Brandt could."

"Dr. Brandt won't."

"He's too busy," Miss Bailey said.

"I wish he'd try."

"He would if he thought it was any use."

Collins avoided Miss Bailey's eyes. They were a cold blue and were always kept under rigid control. Whenever he looked into them, Collins saw nothing, neither enmity nor friendliness. If she judged him, as Collins knew she must, she did not reveal what she thought. She was starched, precise, efficient. There was nothing he could find in her to criticize, and yet he sensed in her manner, which was correct but peculiarly knowing, a daily affront to his own concept of the job and their duty toward it. Her smile was too practiced, too professional, to be really warming, and her hands, though skilled and accurate, seemed not to know or care what they were touching.

The boys, taking advantage of the fact that Collins was distracted, burst the bounds of the discipline he had successfully imposed on them. In an instant, they melted into a knot of twisters and teasers, of ticklers and scratchers. They scuffled, cursed, lighted cigarettes in defiance of orders, tore up paper,

threw spitballs, picked their noses, and snatched at one another's flys.

Miss Bailey stepped into the room and clapped her hands twice. The boys, obeying immediately, resumed their places; but not without comment. Miss Bailey was used to the whistles that greeted her whenever she appeared, to the rude and often obscene comments the older irretrievables offered upon her person. She was as immune to these as she was to the smell of adolescent sweat that permeated the ward, to the ever recurrent eruptions of violence with which they had to cope, to the obscenities, inked or chalked on the walls and doors, which Collins removed from time to time under her knowing gaze. She knew as he did that the words would appear again as soon as their backs were turned, and she had no use for an effort that was demonstrably a waste of time.

There was in the look Miss Bailey threw him now and in the authoritative flip of her starched skirt a challenge that was implied but would never be spoken. Collins could not command the boys so easily as she. He had neither the experience nor the inclination. He longed to be obeyed because he was liked, and for no other reason. He knew the boys respected him for his white ducks and stethoscope, for his key chain and his relation to the law that, in one way or another, had caught up with each of them. But they were not intimidated by him as they were by Miss Bailey.

"Remember," Miss Bailey said as he started to leave the room, "relief is for ten minutes only."

Collins had never taken a minute more than was due him and he resented Miss Bailey's suggestion that he might. Thinking to answer her defensively, he turned to look at her; but he felt the boys watching, waiting to reckon his worth against hers. Nervously, he nodded and went out. He disliked the constant reminder, implicit in every duty he performed, that he must always set an example, whether by reason or by force. He wished there was some area of communication in which the boys would regard him, if not as an equal, at least as a friend. Miss Bailey, obviously, had no such desire. She was content to rest on her authority, on her impersonal fairness to all, which to Collins so often seemed motivated by nothing more than indifference.

In the corridor, he found Dr. Brandt talking on the ward phone. He nodded and Dr. Brandt responded with a curt inclina-

tion of the head. He hung up the receiver and looked at Collins.

"All in order?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Collins answered. "Nothing unusual."

Dr. Brandt smiled wanly. "The usual is always the unusual here, eh Collins?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I noticed this morning," Dr. Brandt said flatly, "that you were holding yourself back at the conference. I'd like you to speak your mind. It's important, you know."

"Yes, sir," Collins answered softly. Dr. Brandt had touched a sore point. In the past weeks, whenever he had spoken out about a special case, indulged in special pleading for one or another of the boys, he had thought that Dr. Brandt frowned and Miss Bailey's smile tightened with disapproval. He knew, as they did, that he was on probation, in his own mind as well as theirs. He was not yet committed to this work, as they were, and was not sure he should be. Often, in off moments when he could speculate, he wondered at the chance encounter with Dr. Brandt that had led to his interning in the delinquents' ward. He could not have known what it would be like or why Dr. Brandt had been moved to choose him. Now he thought more and more often of the alternatives that were still available to him. Should he succumb to the urgings of his friends and relatives and seek more general practice in a hospital that was exclusively for his own people, where he would automatically command respect and know more certainly what was expected of him?

"I can't be everywhere at once," Dr. Brandt was saying. "I need you for an extra pair of eyes."

"Yes, sir," Collins said. "There is one case. Piccolino.

"Piccolino?"

"That's what we call him. His name is Pola, Alberto Pola."

"Oh, the mute?"

"Yes, sir. But you didn't think he was really a mute."

"Might as well be," Dr. Brandt said. "It's a profound trauma of some kind."

"Nothing to be done, then?"

"Not by us. We haven't the facilities. Give me a new building, millions for research and training, and a staff of twenty, and I'd be able to show results."

"But you do now, Dr. Brandt."

"Ah." Dr. Brandt, whose face was loose skinned, having once, years before, been fat, raised his tired eyes and concentrated their look on Collins. "We can't think of results, Collins," he said. "If we did, we wouldn't be here."

Yes, Collins thought bitterly, the most we can do is prove a boy psychotic to save him from reform school. If a boy was disturbed, as most of them were, it was an unkindness to probe to its roots and release him from it, for in their world a boy was mad or bad, one or the other. It was this more than anything else that confused and upset him. More than once he had watched while Dr. Brandt with a few skillful words and a kind but firm persistence had revealed the child within the boy, the child that Collins knew existed not far beneath the surface of every snarling, defiant, unreachable delinquent that was sent to them for observation. Children who are not permitted to be children, Dr. Brandt had said. But Collins, who had himself not been a child long enough, knew that to restore a boy to his natural childishness was folly, unless he had available to him the required protection and guidance. And where was it to come from? Not from them, the staff, who had each boy for only thirty days, nor from the parents, who might be willing but were too confused, nor from the city or the state or the nation.

"Don't worry, Collins," Dr. Brandt said as he turned away and started toward his office at the head of the corrider, "this will lead to something better for you."

Something better? Collins felt shocked, as a father might if told his next son would be an improvement over this one. He knew he did not want a better job but only for this one, somehow, to be better.

Perhaps, he thought, as he walked down the corridor, it was not the job but him, something in him that should be better than it was. Being essentially self-conscious, he indulged in random self-examination, sorting out his resentments and aspirations, separating his hopes from his fears. But now he was unable to understand his own misgivings, about the job and about himself.

Stopping at the entrance to the lavatory, which was without a door, he looked in. Piccolino, an undersized boy of twelve with tousled hair that fell over his forehead and large, expressionless

black eyes, was squeezed in a corner, staring, as usual, at nothing. Alone in a wide tiled expanse, he was a tiny, solemn figure, utterly remote and unavailable. But Collins had watched him when the other boys approached and seen the flicker of a smile on his face, which quickly faded when it was observed. He had noticed the adroit way he dodged the boys who tried to tease him and the almost witty way he sometimes mocked them with gestures behind their backs. Though each of the boys moved him to some degree, Piccolino appealed to him specially, for he thought he detected in him a kind of strange courage, a peculiar attentiveness which, though it could never be expressed, was apparent in his eyes whenever, as sometimes happened, they ceased their staring.

When Collins called his name and moved closer to him, Piccolino's eyes did not flicker. Collins waved a hand before his face but there was no response. "Come with me," he said loudly. "Please come."

He was tempted to seize Piccolino roughly, to shake him into response. He wondered what Dr. Brandt would do, if only Dr. Brandt could be persuaded to try. Collins never knew what it was that suddenly interested or inspired Dr. Brandt. He waited days and sometimes weeks for Dr. Brandt to narrow his eyes with sudden concentration and fasten them on a single subject, for when he did, he seldom failed, and the response he provoked, though often feeble, was sometimes spectacular. Collins knew Dr. Brandt could make a diagnosis at a glance, which was all he had time to do, but he could not believe Dr. Brandt was infallible, and his nights were haunted by the faces Dr. Brandt had failed to notice.

The urinals gushed. The automatic flush was one of their few modern improvements. Collins looked to the left in annoyance. When he looked back at Piccolino, he saw with excitement that his face had assumed an expression. Pleasure, attention, anticipation. "You like that sound, Piccolino?"

Piccolino looked at him, seeing him. Collins, feeling a choking tension in his throat, rushed into a stall and flushed the toilet. Piccolino followed him. Standing beside him, he peered into the bowl. "*Bella,*" he whispered.

Collins, almost crying out, took his hand. "Piccolino," he said urgently.

"Bella," Piccolino said again.

Then Collins recognized the word. It was Italian. He knew no Italian. Desperately, he turned to run, to call to the far ends of the ward for someone who spoke Italian. Then he turned back. He had, some years ago, at the city college, become an opera fan. Squeezing his mind, he searched for phrases. *"Mi chiamanno Ernesto,"* he said.

"Alberto," Piccolino said. He smiled.

"Ritorna vincitor!" Collins said.

Piccolino laughed.

"Vissi d'arte," Collins cried happily.

"Pozzo," Piccolino said, pressing his hand.

Collins dragged him down the corridor, past the waiting room, across the visiting room, to Dr. Brandt's office.

"Well?" Dr. Brandt demanded as Collins burst in.

"Doctor, it's Piccolino," Collins said. "He can talk."

"So?"

"He can talk Italian."

Dr. Brandt looked into Piccolino's face, with interest now, and sighed. "The shock is wearing off," he said sadly. "I didn't expect it."

"I did," Collins said triumphantly.

Smiling, faintly but encouragingly, Dr. Brandt put a hand on Piccolino's head. "I'm glad to see your eagerness rewarded, Collins," he said.

"Thank you, sir," Collins said, trying to feel complimented.

"Now what?" Dr. Brandt asked.

"I don't know," Collins said quickly, for he did not know and could not pretend that he did.

Dr. Brandt pressed the switch on his inter-com. "Bring me the file on Piccolino," he said. "What's his real name?" he asked impatiently when his secretary's voice protested.

"Alberto Pola," Collins said.

"Alberto Pola," Dr. Brandt repeated.

The file contained the facts. Alberto Pola, 12, mute. East Bronx. Mother a scrubwoman. Father unknown. Apprehended during attempted robbery.

"The mother has never come?" Dr. Brandt asked.

"No."

"We'll have to go for her."

"Yes."

"It must have been a long time ago," Dr. Brandt said. "Whatever it was."

"You'll find out?" Collins asked.

Dr. Brandt shrugged and reached up to push his spectacles into place on his nose. "It might be done in a day," he said. "Or it could require a year."

Collins, thinking that if it required a year it would certainly never be done, shook his head in protest. "It might be a simple case," he said. "Miss Bailey thought he was faking."

"You could call it that," said Dr. Brandt. "Any disturbance could be called an elaborate fake. Involuntary, of course."

Collins nodded and turned to go. "I must relieve Miss Bailey," he said.

"Collins . . ." Dr. Brandt lowered his voice and his words came hesitantly. "Wouldn't you like to handle this case yourself?"

Staring into Dr. Brandt's face, which, he suddenly noticed, was aged beyond its years, Collins felt weak with excitement, a mingled joy and fear. When he tried to answer, he found he could not.

"You've made an excellent beginning, Collins . . . ."

"No," Collins said finally, "it wouldn't be right."

"Why not? You can help him."

"Not so well as you. I couldn't do it in the time that's left." Collins put a hand on Piccolino's shoulder. "It would be an experiment, and he isn't a dog."

"Very well," Dr. Brandt said quietly. "Tell me . . . . there's something bothering you? What is it?"

"I don't know," Collins, embarrassed, answered. "There *is* something . . . . But I don't know what it is."

"I think I can tell you," Dr. Brandt said. "I'd call it an excess of empathy. Nothing more than that. It's your virtue and your fault. . . . I've always known that."

"Yes, sir," Collins said faintly. "That may be it."

"It's perfectly natural, you know. Time will take care of it." Dr. Brandt smiled and revealed the kindness that he kept carefully locked behind his eyes. Then, with a gesture of the hand, he sent Collins out of the room.

Outside Dr. Brandt's door, Collins was tempted to go back. He knew he had refused to accept the responsibility for Piccolino out of fear that he would fail. But he did not go, for he realized that if he extended himself now, he would cut off his own retreat. He understood himself well enough to know that his pride, which would not permit him now to proceed, would not, if he did, permit him to turn back. This, he thought, was his last chance to choose the practice of simple medicine, to leave the mind and all its complex workings to the ministrations of others.

Walking through the visiting room, he tried not to look at the boys sitting with their parents, for he sensed, as he always did, that the boys were trying not to look at him. It was foolish, he thought, to cling to a faith in reason, in a hope for the triumph of logic, in the face of the evidence that surrounded him here every day. There was reason and logic in the functions of the body, though some of it was still obscure. But there was none at all in the mind of a child that had twisted itself into some alien, tortured shape. He had thought that if he loved the boys enough, they would be helped. But he could not think he had helped any of them. If only, he thought sadly, if only they could love me a little. . . .

In the waiting room, Miss Bailey, flustered in spite of herself by persistent and sometimes too cunning questions, by sly belches and practiced flatulence, by books torn behind her back and rude messages scrawled upon the walls under her watching eyes, set her lips when she saw Collins returning. "About time," she said.

"I'm sorry," Collins said flatly. "Something happened."

"What? A split head? Sex play?"

"No. Piccolino talked."

Miss Bailey raised her eyebrows. "How come?" she asked guardedly.

"He only talks Italian, it seems."

"And you're the genius who discovered that fact?"

"Yes," Collins said.

"You speak it, of course . . . . fluently?"

"No. But I listen to opera."

"Marvelous," Miss Bailey said with unaccustomed vehemence. "Why is it you always pick the dud in every lot?"

"They're *all* duds to you," Collins said angrily.

"Maybe," Miss Baily said, modifying her tone. "But you can't care too much for one or you won't care enough for the others. That's a lesson you have to learn."

"I haven't noticed that you care for any of them."

"That may be so." Miss Bailey tugged at her belt and walked to the door. Turning, she asked, "Are you going to stay on here?"

"I don't know," Collins answered.

"I don't think you'd better," Miss Bailey said.

"Why?" Collins demanded. He knew the boys were listening. He could tell from their unnatural silence. But he didn't care. If Miss Bailey had chosen to pronounce judgment on him in their presence, he was glad to have them hear, for he hoped they would, in some oblique but discernible way, defend him.

"It's none of my business," Miss Bailey answered. "God knows we need doctors who are willing to stick it out." Then, she surveyed the room, nodded her head to the boys, and looked again at Collins. "What will happen to Piccolino now?" she asked.

"I don't know," Collins answered. "Dr. Brandt is going to treat him."

"Why does he bother?" Miss Bailey demanded with sudden heat. "Wouldn't he be better off as he was?"

"But the kid has to have his chance. . . ."

"His chance for what? To become a ward of the state? To go back to a home that probably doesn't exist? Why not *let* him be crazy. We know what to do with crazy people." Miss Bailey, her face suddenly darkened, stared at Collins with eyes that were softened by tears. "I'm sorry," she said, composing herself. "I know you're happy about it."

Collins stared after her when she was gone. Then, hearing a scuffle, he turned back to the room. As he did, a comic book caught him on the cheek and his eyes were assailed by a shower of spitballs. Hearing oaths and a muffled scream, he looked into the corner behind his back and saw three boys piled on the floor, pummeling one another with fury. He ran to the boys and leaned over them. As he reached down to separate them, a boy behind him kicked him in the seat. He cursed and turned to face the boy. But he was gone. "Who did that?" he demanded. But he could not wait for an answer, for the fight in the corner was still going

on. "Cut it out," he shouted.

"Stow it, nigger," somebody called.

He separated two boys with his feet and pulled the third, who was the victim ("passive homosexual," Miss Bailey would have said), away from the others. "All right," he said loudly. "Who wants trouble?"

"We'll get you, nigger," the victim cried.

"What's the matter with you?" Collins demanded, collaring the boy. "You like to get hurt?"

"Yeah," said the boy, snarling, "I like it."

"If you want trouble, I'll give it to you." Collins glared around the room and pointed to the benches. His eyes held two dozen others, absorbing hate, defiance, greed. "Sit down," he commanded. He had nothing to threaten them with, for they were all beyond threats.

There was a pause, a shuffling of feet, a low murmur of resistance, then each pair of eyes was lowered and the boys sat down.

Winded and deflated, Collins perched himself on the edge of his desk and stared down at the boys who, subsiding, settled again into their inescapable boredom.

Yesterday, when this had happened, as it did almost very day, he had looked into their faces and hoped to find some sign, one look of contrition or shame, a single glance from one of them that showed some concern for him or interest in him. But now, today, he no longer expected or even hoped for any of these things. He was, he knew, inevitably, their enemy, even though he wanted so much to be their friend. As an enemy they would grant him a grudging respect. More than that, he had no reason to expect.

But, he thought, if I am their enemy, they must never be mine. Wonderingly, he realized that all at once he was empty of anger, resentment, and longing. As he continued to stare at the boys, he became acutely aware of his own strength, of all he had to give them, which was free and independent of anything he had ever wanted from them.

They could not be still for long, he knew, and their energies, for which neither he nor anyone else had any uses, soon would surge again like a sudden storm. The visiting hour was almost over. Whatever hopes any of them had were now suspended for

another day. In a minute it would be time to herd them all to the carpentry shop for instruction in a useful trade.

Collins stared at his hands, which he stretched out before him. They were shaking, but not so much as the last time. Beneath the sweat which had wilted his collar and the breathlessness that whistled in his nostrils, he detected calm. It doesn't matter now, he thought, whether they love me or not. He thought that Miss Bailey, who was right for the wrong reasons, and Dr. Brandt, who was right with the wisdom of years, had both been telling him the same thing. He could love the work and learn to do it; and that would be enough.

RONDO CAPRICCIO

By ROBERT WALLACE

A string of children *diminuendo,*
Shouting,
Follows Mrs. Polzi out shopping;
She is disgrunted, the fortune-teller
Did not mention
Such a thing,
prophesying
Good fortune in love.

Mr. Polzi, too,
Is disgruntled. Childbearing has made his wife
Like her mother.
She has grown fat and ugly *crescendo.*

The little Polzis, they
Are unconcerned;
And just grow up *allegro.*

Two poems

JOHN WILLIAMS

THE NAME OF DEATH

For H. J., dead by his own hand: 1941

Though dead these many years, the gentle face
Of one who could not meet his mind's outrage
Returns upon me, in these quiet days
That lead me slowly into middle age.
I think of him as if he might be found
This instant, in this room, or in the next,
As in some airless pause of time, profound
At last, by his mere being unperplexed.

But though I think of him, and think still
While day recedes into its certain night,
And trace in darkness mind's pure shape, until
Uncertain thought is dazed by the morning light,
What wisdom shall I bring to what I say,
What knowledge add to that compulsive act
Which hastened being to its own decay,
And thought can neither alter nor retract?

Once I had thought among those saintly few
Who gave to life the calmness of a dream
By winnowing error from the truth they knew,
As if subtraction from an awkward scheme
Might so reduce corruption and despair
That one who lived his life in selflessness
Could finally attain to some uncare,
The heart made quiet by the mind's excess.

And might I still, except a gentle face
Returns to puzzle me, and raise my grief.
How can I speak the name that would displace

What we may know of error, rage, the brief
Explosion of the corrupting will? O where
Save in our deepest and most steadfast shame
Might we discover what he could not share,
The hopeless vision that no man dare claim?

I cannot trade his substance for that name.

PASSAGE

An old man nods and sleeps in the summer sun.
Below the sloping terrace where he sits,
A cloudless blue conceives the sliding sea,
Which wrings white foam out of its lightless deep
And flings it silently upon the sand;
Flings it, and recedes, and comes again,
Piles foam on foam until the foam is thrust
By its own weight into the wetted sand.
A dark gull wheels upon the summer air,
And brightness gathers on a stretched-out wing.

Like airless space, his mind conceives the past:
Forest, mountain, and the faultless plain,
Volcanic rock shaped of the liquid ash,
The trackless paths that led him where he dreams,
Soothed by the harbored whisper of the surf—
What are they now? He dreams that they are nothing;
And the slow years wash one after one,
Sinking like foam upon his dreaming head
That holds the broken journey of his youth.

Are there no mountains of the human mind?
He dreams; and aspens stir in casual winds,
Streams wear on rock and pulse with hungry fishes,
And drought is coldly abrupt at timberline.
Once in the misty reach of his desire

Aspens paled to light where the mountains ran
To infinite dark upon the living pine,
And golden trout flicked in the hissing streams;
Yet then, as now, he saw them not; as in

A restless dream a soldier has at night,
Who conquers what he does not want to know,
And savagely goes on to conquer more,
His restless eyes roved over mountain, stream,
And living tree, and over those green heights
That rimmed to blue, and hollowed in hot sand
Valleys fertile and rife with damping springs.
Roved, and returned to where he stood; and saw
Only his naked boot. Sullen to rock,
Impervious and numb, it gouged the solid earth.
Nor stayed to see the seasons turn, the clod
Break in the driving rain, the mountains torn
To rivulet and stream and tumbling gorge.

Something beyond that wilderness has brought
Him here upon the combed-out soft Pacific
Sand — some urging of the blood that seeks
Its primal urge, its blind salt pounding ceaselessly
Upon the shore, out of the landless deep.
Nodding late, dreaming that mountains do not change,
An old man sits before the summer sun.
Lengthened by that sun's extended glow,
His shadow reaches where we cannot see;
It thinly creeps beyond the narrowing sand,
And gathers rock and eucalyptus tree,
And drifts past monuments of brick and steel,
And past the glutted cities, and beyond.
He waits in time before the thickened west;
And the level sea flares to the sinking sun
Before his shadow and the shade are one.

Be pleasant about the new religiosity

DONALD SUTHERLAND

It is clear even to one not much interested in religion that there is in this country more interest in religion than there was, and that more people than usual are going religious. This puts a strain both upon one's relation to the country and upon one's relations to friends who have gone religious or are showing signs of going. If one has been in the habit of feeling patriotic about the country and friendly toward one's friends, one's feelings now get mixed with discouragement or resentment and at the best are cooler.

It is so unpleasant one is tempted to be unpleasant in return, but one is saved by a natural reluctance to spend much time being unpleasant about an issue in which one is not much interested and which one cannot but feel is too trivial a ground for hostilities or even for a breach of courtesy. One would like to get along by tactfully never mentioning the issue, but this method, which has served well in the past and indeed was one of the first rules of polite behavior, will serve no longer because the issue is very frequently and tactlessly brought up anyway by other people. One can, if one has the patience, be quiet and listen, or, if one has the resolution, walk away, or, if one has the wit, change the subject so it will stay changed, but such methods are neither pleasant nor affectionate and may alienate the religious person more deeply than a flat contradiction or laughter would.

Of course there has always been a great deal of religion of various kinds loose in the country, and of course one has always known people and had a few friends who were religious, but, as I recall it, religion used to make the national life more varied and entertaining, as it added color and range to one's personal acquaintance, whereas now it tends to totalize itself into a general principle valid for the whole nation if not the whole wide world. What was once a pleasant oddity is becoming an invidious and tedious norm. From being scattered and local to many individuals

and minority sects, it is, so to say, centralizing itself again, everlastingly and aggressively publicizing itself, and confusing itself with the political issue which now divides the world. It was once understood to be a private matter, but with all privacy nearly gone, except in the case of property to some extent, religion very naturally has to be public. Naturally, but not at all pleasantly.

One of the hardest things to be pleasant about is the assumption that America is religious and Russia "godless," from which it follows that if you are not religious you are not an American. If, on top of being not religious you are a professed atheist, you are evidently a Communist. The identification of atheism with communism is neither historical nor logical, but since corrupted forms of atheism and communism occur together officially in Russia, here atheism and communism are impetuously jammed together as generically equivalent, so that all you have to do in order to pass for a good American or good enough to be an American, no matter what else you have been, is to believe in God. Whereas if you do not believe in God you pass not only for a Communist but for a Stalinist.

It might be some consolation to one's patriotism to suppose that things are no better in Russia, that you are suspect as a Russian unless you believe in dialectical materialism, and Marx, and every word that issued from the mouth of Lenin, or whatever the dogma may currently be, but it appears that Russia is quite riddled still with Greek Orthodoxy and even with Baptists. Russia is such an imperfect example of anything. In any case it is America one lives in and has to deal with directly. In America as in Russia religion is most probably here to stay, so the problem is not how to get rid of it but how to co-exist with it pleasantly and, if one is not much interested in it, with the least possible waste of time and effort.

It would help a great deal if we had a genuine publicist of atheism (such as Robert Ingersoll was of agnosticism) but the only defenders of this negative faith who matter at all in publicity are Jean-Paul Sartre and presumably Bertrand Russell, and they are not devoted to atheism as a cause. As philosophers and foreigners they could not make atheism count in this country as Ingersoll made agnosticism count, even if they were willing to spend their time declaiming about it. Without a full-time atheist, a sort of

inverse Billy Graham, to do the job, one has to spend more of one's time on this tiresome issue than one would like. One is even reduced to spending time on explanations that atheism really does exist.

Some churchmen like to say there is no such thing as an atheist, largely because atheism is an untenable position on their theological or philosophical premises, so an atheist only thinks he is an atheist, having misunderstood the argument. This is less a logical than a practical dilemma for the atheist. If he is willing to spend all his time at it he can enter the labyrinth of theology and argue against the premises and the deductions, proposition after proposition, but the negative side of all this is even more tedious than the positive, and ends, if it ever ends, quite as arbitrarily in an act of faith.

If the atheist is not willing to spend the time, he may graciously say he is an agnostic, meaning that he doesn't know, either by faith or by reason, whether God exists or does not. Unfortunately this graciousness is rarely reciprocated, for the religious person ordinarily takes the attitude that the agnostic, or person who does not know, has to be told by someone who does, so the religious person tells the agnostic what he should know, usually raising his voice as if the agnostic were hard of hearing.

The agnostic (or the atheist politely pretending to be an agnostic) may tire of listening passively, but he can still maintain the amenities, by saying he is after all not so much an agnostic, someone who decidedly does not know, as a skeptic, or someone who undecidedly does not know and is looking to see if there is something to be known. Since the skeptic is very busy looking, he might hope to be left alone to his earnest inquiries and not made to listen passively like the agnostic, but it turns out that the religious person feels either that the skeptic, if he cannot properly be told directly and roundly like the agnostic, still cannot be left to his own initiative and needs guidance, or that the skeptic, while pretending to look for knowledge, really denies the possibility of knowledge altogether.

In this last case the religious person will ordinarily say that the skeptic does not exist, since the skeptic is in a logical contradiction when he claims to know at least that knowledge is impossible or refuses to doubt that he doubts everything. No doubt

there was once a pure skeptic, Pyrrho, who did claim to doubt absolutely everything, but skepticism is ordinarily impure, having its doubts about things which are open to reasonable doubt, such as the existence of God, and being fairly convinced of things the doubt of which is unreasonable or a special field of philosophy, such as that two and two are four or that he himself exists. Alas, the religious person insists on pure positions; he wants all skeptics to be pure and total skeptics, hence non-existent or easily liquidated by logic. If the impure skeptic insists to the religious person that he does exist and has his certainties as well as his doubts, the religious person may admit his existence but will most probably despise his little certainties of fact and number, compared with the religious knowledge of value and of the purpose of it all.

If the skeptic does not care very much about fact and number in the first place or wish to surrender the question of value and purpose to the religious person as entirely his affair, the argument will become too full of distinctions and distributions ever to be concluded. Or else the skeptical temper, with its belief in an essential complexity and variability, will grate on the religious temper, with its belief in an ultimate simplicity, so the argument may end in unpleasantness.

The atheist may after all do better—saving his time, keeping his temper, and sparing that of the religious person—if he sticks to the simplicity of the atheist position and does not complicate matters by assuming agnostic or skeptical attitudes out of politeness. Indeed the genuine agnostic or skeptic, who sticks to reason and perception and makes no act of faith if he can help it, may do well to assume the atheist position as a matter of social form when in religious company. Atheism, being a terminus of reason and faith alike, is far more congenial to religion than are less resolute positions, and the atheist can quite comprehensibly demand of the religious person a respect for his faith as the religious person demands respect for his, and both can then go on talking more profitably about something else, since their minds are both made up on the subject of God.

But one cannot reasonably expect the religious person, unless he be a Jesuit and highly skilled in these matters, to respect atheism at once as a theological position or even tolerate it. So it is up to the atheist to try to tolerate religion and perhaps elicit

tolerance in turn from the religious person by the beauty of his example.

This effort involves taking care not to be overly irritated by the claims of the church or provoked by its attacks. For instance, some religious person once said publicly that there were no atheists in foxholes. Admittedly, this was very offensive to atheists in foxholes, but one should try to remember that the announcement made it a pleasure to be in a foxhole, a malicious pleasure but a pleasure nevertheless, and that thus religion did something for the morale of the troops in a negative as well as a positive way. Likewise, when it is said that atheists do not exist, the remark does stimulate one's sense of existing, even if one does not exist primarily as an atheist. So one need not keep up one's resentment against religion on account of such attacks, when after all they give pleasure and improve morale both personal and military.

Its claims, however, may be less easy to bear with. A claim implicit in saying there are no atheists in foxholes is that all brave men are religious. This is abundantly untrue, but would it be true to say that all religious men are brave? No. But could it be said that on the average religious men are braver than atheists? Statistics on this are far too much trouble to gather and would be hard to interpret anyway, since pure and static cases are exceptional, but it is very probably true.

One would expect no less. If his religion makes the religious person believe the soul is immortal and death a small matter, why should he not be braver in battle than someone who believes the soul is mortal and death final? Strictly speaking, the atheist who risks death in battle is more courageous than the religious person who has much less to lose, but this is a very disagreeable thing to say. It is more amiable to say that oh yes the religious are very often remarkably brave in war, and one can say so quite ungrudgingly if one considers how vastly it is in the interest of the military that religion be encouraged and death be felt to be a small matter, that one's life be recognized as not one's own but God's and transferable to the military on request. Religion as a military device is far more within our traditions of chivalry than hashish is and works nearly as well. Not that one says this aloud, but the consideration makes one more patient with religion and less patient

with the naive Communist opinion that religion is merely the opium of the people.

The state, at war or on the brink, does well to identify itself with religion or at least to place itself "under God," especially now, when it is finding itself with fewer and fewer claims on the loyalty of the governed—social or economic, moral or aesthetic. It can always force the consent of the governed; but with little enough left to inspire their inward loyalty except for landscape and the force of habit, the state had best bind to itself a solid majority of the population by confusing itself with religion. This is a most rudimentary point of statecraft, and in very large states, such as the Roman Empire, has nearly always been found necessary. Even Russia has confused herself with the inevitable course of history, a sacred enough thing if you feel history is what you are in. And aside from traditional statecraft the current governments of America need not only to employ religion but to have a little of it, in order to feel less nervous about what they are doing. Nobody, surely, wants the government made hysterical just now by rude suggestions that it has no supernatural warrant for radioactivating or blowing us all up as an alternative to slavery, with our consent or not. So it is very well for the government to be more or less religious, and one might indeed prescribe religion as, if not the opium, at least the laudanum or the Miltown of the government, with the reservation, however, that one no more wants to be governed by religion than one wants religions to be governed.

As in war religion tends to make people braver and in the higher politics more loyal or more confident, in civil life it is said to make them more virtuous. Faced with this claim, one should bear in mind that religion does not, except when speaking loosely, claim that all religious people are virtuous or that persons without religion can have no virtue, since both propositions are so demonstrably untrue. But one can agree at least that on the average a religious person is likely to be more virtuous than a person without religion. Again, statistics on this propostion are too much trouble to gather, but it is very probably true. One would expect no less.

If his religion makes a person believe he will be rewarded for his good works and punished for his sins eternally in the hereafter,

he will certainly be as virtuous as he can, according to his understanding of virtue at least. What is to make a person without religion virtuous at all except the fear of civil law and the love of approbation by society? Since the vengeance of the law is uncertain and the approbation of society even more so and not very interesting in the first place, one might expect the person without religion to live quite constantly in as much criminality as he has the courage or cleverness for.

But he often does not, partly because criminality is generally more trouble than it is worth. Unless one is exceptionally gifted for the sustained hostility, watchfulness, suspicion, and ingenuity required, and the constant attention to petty detail, he will find the strain of criminality more unpleasant than the exhilaration of risk is pleasant. They are pleasant to read about well enough because one reads the newspaper or the mystery novel with disengagement, at one's own pace, and one is quickly through with it, but the real tensions and anxieties and compulsions of criminality are intolerable for the ungifted person to live with constantly. Those virtues which make human society pleasanter to live in are much to be preferred and generally are preferred to the criminal virtues.

When it comes to strong passions, to sacrifices, to extreme situations, there is a real question as to whether religion or simple gregariousness will determine the handsomer behavior, but let us admit that in the daily life of society religion does tend to constrain toward virtue those who for one reason or another, often a very good one, are hostile to society or to people at large, and are not concerned that life in society be made as pleasant as possible. The benevolent impulses of man are perhaps as powerful as his malevolent ones, but the malevolent ones are very powerful indeed, and no doubt religion is valuable as an aid to civil authority in restraining them, when it does wish to restrain and not encourage them. Let us cheerfully grant that religion is frequently a useful civic device as well as a military or political one. Let us not be invidious about such minor points as the institution of absolution, which makes for some laxity, or the dogma of predestination, which may be abused to justify extremely bad behavior or to make a person feel he is answerable only to God, who loves him. Starkweather, Nebraska's young murderer, seems

to have felt that way. But at least the general tendency of religion is, quite certainly, to improve morals.

It is sometimes said that religion not only makes for virtue in society but holds society together, that a society and certainly a great nation cannot be held together without religion of some kind. This may well be true, but since it is also true that religion has not kept great nations from falling apart and has frequently divided and disintegrated them, this whole topic is best avoided.

Indeed it is better manners to avoid the history of religions altogether and consider religion as strictly a present or an eternal issue. The unhistorical approach will also be congenial to the religious mind, which is fonder of eternity or present action, and one thus avoids having to rake up the endless atrocities of religious history against the claims that religion has improved mankind. If there was St. Francis there was St. Dominic; if there was St. John of the Cross there was Savonarola; if there was Joan of Arc there was Peter the Hermit; and so on and on, and these considerations can lead only to acrimony. One had best declare a general amnesty of religious history and consider only the utility of religion as it is now.

Religion has lately been demonstrating its utility as very rarely before—and in science itself. The long misunderstanding between science and religion has all but come to an end, or so one gathers from pictures of mathematicians at prayer and from its being no longer any news that more and more scientists, especially physicists, are religious. To any fresh assertion of this commonplace about physicists the obvious retort is "Religious? They had better be!" But while many religious persons can be amused by that, some are still uneasy about Science, whatever scientists may personally and unscientifically feel, so it is well to have an observation ready which will almost certainly not offend, such as "Religious, yes, but what novices! How they must embarrass you with their theological ineptitude!"

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"You mean to say you are not shocked by the triviality, not to say the arrant deism of: The Lord God does not play at dice. . . . God is clever but not malicious. . . .?"

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If the religious person does not see for himself that this God is

little more than efficiency personified, restricted to the objective aspects of the universe, and indeed to very few of those, and that even Maritain, with his esthetician's view that "God is beautiful," did not make such a myopic fool of himself as Einstein, one had best not explain. It is highly improper for an atheist under any circumstances or provocation whatever to undertake to enlighten a religious person on matters of doctrine and quite intolerable to suggest he take a higher view of God while he is at it. To avoid doing so one may quickly say that remarks like the above, by Einstein or Maritain, can of course be credited with a gaiety which is one way to rejoice in the Lord.

But, when speaking to a religious scientist, it is safest to assume he is serious. The solemnity of the scientist these days is far greater than that of the average nun or general and may strike you as funny, but it really is not. Consider that he is everlastingly thinking about the universe at large, and in very colorless terms. Try to put yourself in his place. In the long run, would you too not require a god of some sort to lend the unsightly enormities in which you live a kind of importance and dignity at least, even if he cannot quite give them an articulate meaning? One might indeed suppose that any mind which operates almost exclusively in equations would have balance enough and to spare, but apparently not, and the full weight of God is needed in many cases as a counterpoise.

Much the same need is felt in those arts which tend to be nearly as abstract as science. One must expect composers to be religious, and to be the more religious the "purer" their music is. It is true that very abstract painters and sculptors console themselves rather with philosophies of space than with religion, but this is only a phase. At the rate things are going, it will be only a season or two before painters get on to a metaphysics of space and from there to religion. Some painters of course are already religious, but they tend to be Expressionists, commonly in such pain one dare not speak to them.

Not all poets are religious yet, but the dominant relation in most poetry now is between the individual mind and the universe at large. The expression is almost always a ritual or a devotional exercise on the tension between these two integral and terminal existences. The situation is not essentially changed, but only

heightened, if one inflects the individual mind into a soul and the universe at large into a manifestation of God. The poet need modulate his keys only from the desperate to the penitential, and the celebration of natural phenomena passes readily into a kind of Franciscan laud. On the other hand, the two terms—the individual mind and the universe at large—can dissolve into one another or into nothing, as in Zen or the like, as the poet prefers, but by and large it is safe to assume that any poet you meet has a religious gift or inclination of some sort even if he is not yet articulate in recognizably religious symbols and tones. Be very careful.

Some poets and artists, like many other people, have more urgent and interesting things to do than explaining the universe to themselves or themselves to the universe, and religion does obviate having to do either. Not that religion really explains anything, but the assumption that it does saves a great deal of valuable time for the poet or artist, as philosophy and science, being interminable as well as inconclusive in their explanations, alas do not.

If one is at all in sympathy with the arts, there is no great difficulty in respecting the religion of artists as a necessity or a convenience to them, but there is a great difficulty in being tactful about religious art. One is too often asked to take a work of art seriously because it has a religious subject matter. Usually one can dismiss it, even if it is the Sistine ceiling or the *B-minor Mass* or *The Divine Comedy,* by saying, "How inadequate to the subject matter!" but your religious interlocutor may just be clever enough to point out that religious art cannot pretend to be equal to its subject. It is not representational but anagogic or suggestive, and its value is in its force of attraction to something above itself. At this juncture one refrains from saying that the vulgarity of Michelangelo or the doggedness of Bach or the odiousness of Dante or the snideness of T. S. Eliot does perhaps draw one toward the Creator if only by repelling one from the creature. Instead one pleads insensitivity to the upwardness of the work or proceeds to admire details of execution merely—how sustained a line! how pungent a phrase! how soft a cadence! And one can often say such things in perfect sincerity.

It is only in dealing with people in great suffering or with the

dying that one is obliged by human decency to be insincere. If a person is enduring his suffering very bravely or dying with resignation because of his religion, one cannot well cast any doubt on his religion even by silence. One can only assume the agnostic position and say that the sufferer may be right, that God may exist as well as he may not. This humane denial of the atheist faith is a variety of pious fraud and not very admirable, but one should not be bigoted about the truth in the face of human suffering. If the religious person makes himself impossible—which he may, because suffering rarely refines the character or the manners—and says you would believe in God soon enough if you were suffering like that, or that you could not suffer so calmly without his faith in God, one cannot of course argue. One can only go away as quickly and as gracefully as possible and send a box of flowers.

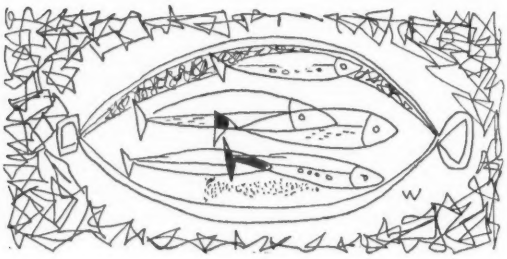
If in fact one cannot leave because, for example, the sufferer needs one's care or one is lying in the same ward, one can perhaps establish a decent amity by saying that the example of the sufferer would in itself make one believe if only faith did not depend so on the grace of God and could be summoned by reason or even will. One should pretend one is converted only in extreme cases, where the sufferer is so far gone he cannot see through one's hypocrisy, or where the sufferer is a woman so subtle she can appreciate the hypocrisy as the most exquisite flattery to herself.

The most delicate cases to deal with are, however, the clergy. They tend to go on the not altogether arbitrary assumption that the atheist considers them all impostors. It is in fact not easy for the atheist, if his faith is at all vivid, to believe that a clergyman can be sincere in his, just as for the genuine clergyman the existence of God is so nearly self-evident that he cannot, without considerable effort, imagine the state of mind of someone to whom the nonexistence of God is quite obvious. Yet the atheist should try to discipline himself to an assumption that the majority of the clergy do sincerely believe in God, even if they have their human moments of unbelief, and hence are not perverse nor impostors. This is so very probable that the politeness required of the atheist to assume it as given fact is not exorbitant.

He might still fall into supposing that the clergy, though not impostors, are their own dupes, or fools, but it is both crude and

uncharitable to consider them fools in any simple sense, unless they happen to be so in some other respect than religion. Some of the most intelligent men in the history of the world have been fools in matters of religious faith, and some of them, like St. Paul and Pascal, conscious of a deliberate folly. Avoid the word "fool," even if a clergyman quotes at you that the fool hath said in his heart that there is no God. Answer in a less barbarous manner, and take the attitude, even to yourself, that the clergyman is not a fool but mistaken. Since anyone, even the atheist, can be mistaken in so dark a matter, we are now on firm humanistic ground and can insist the clergy meet us on it, as fallible and affable humans. Oddly enough, they may come easily, since these days they often make a great policy of being human, of playing basketball and being buddies with all comers. Indeed they can be very good company, so long as they have a clear idea of where they stand and behave themselves.

But of course, if the priest or the clergyman or the rabbi or the nun is inadvertently rude enough to show he or she expects of one deference to the cloth or reverence for his or her supernatural backing and the institution he or she represents, one may fairly, for the occasion at least, renounce being pleasant.



Weekend

ALBERT COOK

Nothing of salience had the road out lost
For stubbornly refusing a view ahead.
Depth of the windshield through the noiseless miles,
Green bearing in, soothed as it terrified.

Wild asters second growth timber stalwart pines
Just over the edge of the shoulders, red
With iron natural to the soil. There I was
Ready at any moment to turn off.

A white wooden arrow marked the place.
Thick brush grazed my slowed hood.
An indefinite blue glimpsed through trees proved lake water.
When over soft needles I walked to your door

And saw in the eyes of you both for the first time
A gay sobriety self pacified,
I knew what you had to thank, and so did you
Smiling toward the plain table and a big meal.

You were yourselves. Night hugely showed
The eyelid how much inches might come to
Under such fragrant rafters such black air.
Morning there never had been leaves so high

Out the window nor water so low
By the rotting dock, low bright and unperturbed.
Dark it was on the unruffled swell we pulled out onto.
The island was soon behind, and the lake itself

Under our creaking oarlocks. The day was ours.
In a thin stream's mouth you spied watercress,
Plucked it at the root and took up your stint
With wet hands at the oars. It was still

On the riverbend and deep where we shipped oars
Dropping our lines. All morning long
Frogs and dragonflies held sway, while we
Struggled in patience mostly with ourselves.

Few fish, but we were content to know
The impress of stillness. Under the grey eminence
Above dead trunks we were keeping an eye out
For the huge rumored bird, eagle or whatever;

Above the granite ledge, just before we turned,
Too much like a bird of prey for an eagle,
Except eagles are birds of prey, hanging
Over the water, horrid, it slowed, aloof.

The waves back were against us, heavier,
Lights coming on as we pulled into the lake.
There was nothing more to say. Our lulling noise
Followed us to the dock. We groped up the path.

Next morning, mass at a wooden altar,
The sacramental light the villagers
Went about in as if the sun were not
A bodilessly white unburning fire.

In that lull we photographed each other.
All Sunday was peaceful repetition.
I drove hard after sundown to find in the next strict morning
The terrible demands had never budged.

Water — a national problem

HATFIELD CHILSON

About the year 2000 B.C., an Assyrian queen died, and as was the custom of that era, there was inscribed upon the walls of her tomb her achievements and accomplishments. One of these inscriptions reads:

I constrained the mighty river to flow according to my will and led its water to fertilize lands that had before been barren and without inhabitants.

About 2300 B.C., in Mesopotamia the code of Hammurabi provided:

If anyone opens his irrigation canals to let in water, but is careless and water floods the field of his neighbor, he shall measure out grain to the latter in proportion to the yield of the neighboring field.

The importance of water in Biblical times is indicated by the repeated references to water use. As for example, in Second Kings we find:

Thus saith the Lord, Make the Valley full of ditches. For thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not see wind, neither shall Ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that Ye may drink, both Ye and your cattle, and your beasts.

Ancient literature and records are replete with the epic concern of man with water.

This concern is not strange. All life depends on water. The origin of life on our planet is believed to have been in the sea. Every organic process requires a watery medium. Even the embryo floats in watery liquid from conception to birth, and after birth life cannot be sustained, at least on this planet, without it.

The relation of water use to the history of mankind is a fascinating subject. From the beginning of time, man has been dependent on water, at first for drinking and later for cooking and cleanliness. The rivers and lakes, as well as the seas, early became the highways of transportation and later commerce, but somewhere

along the way man learned that "water would make the desert bloom," and with the advent of irrigation, water was utilized to provide the food and clothing necessary for survival and progress.

As early as 3000 B.C., the First Pharaoh of the First Dynasty of Egypt introduced a system of irrigation along the Nile. Centuries before the birth of Christ irrigation was a well established practice in China, India, the Middle East, and other parts of the civilized world. The science and art of irrigation progressed rapidly. As early as 2000 B.C., the Egyptians diverted the Nile into Lake Moeris, through a channel some twelve miles long, thereby storing water in the flood season for use in the summer. By A.D. 700, the Chinese had constructed what is perhaps the greatest work of all times, the Imperial Canal, 700 miles long and used both for irrigation and navigation.

Although there are areas today, such as the United States, where abundance rather than scarcity of food is a problem, it is common knowledge that much of the world's population, even now, is undernourished and poorly clothed. The importance of irrigation to food supply in some areas of the world is indicated by the percentage of the cultivated areas which relies on irrigation for production. In China 23 percent of the entire cultivated area depends upon irrigation, in India 20 percent, Indonesia 40 percent, Pakistan 47 percent, Afghanistan 64 percent, Japan 75 percent, and Egypt 100 percent.

So vital is irrigation to much of the world today that the need has pierced the Iron Curtain and has led to the formation of the International Commission on Irrigation and Drainage, whose membership includes some forty-seven countries of the world, including many Communist nations, among them Soviet Russia. It is an effective working organization with its principal office in India and with trained and efficient personnel. Its primary concern is to increase food and fiber production by irrigation.

That this vital importance of water would lead to international complications and controversies was inevitable. Many years were spent in negotiating a treaty with Mexico over a division of the waters of the Colorado River. We are still negotiating with Canada over the Columbia. In very recent years, two international controversies have threatened to break out into open warfare. I refer to the controversy between Pakistan and India over the

use of the waters of the Indus River, which now appears to be on its way toward a peaceful settlement, thanks in good measure to the assistance of the United States and Great Britain. The other is the bitter controversy between Israel and Jordan over the waters of the Jordan River, which so far has defied solution and may yet break out into open violence.

In our own country the story of the competition for the use of limited water supplies in the arid and semi-arid regions of the West, and the resulting conflicts, is a story well known. The contest and controversy over the control and use of the waters of the Colorado River has occupied much attention of the federal government and the seven states of the Colorado River Basin for over fifty years. California is proposing to spend nearly two billion dollars of its own money (not federal funds) to transport water from the Feather River in the northerly part of the state as far south as San Diego. This plan has had bitter opposition from the citizens of northern California.

In Colorado, the East Slope-West Slope controversy over the use of the waters of the Colorado River system is not only known to all of us who live here, but is a matter of interest to water circles throughout the West.

But it is not only the West with its generally arid and semi-arid climate and limited water supply which has its water problems. Almost daily, articles appear in the public press from coast to coast dealing with some facet of water problems in every part of the nation. The Illinois State Chamber of Commerce sponsors a water conference. The University of Michigan is compiling a model water-use code. Twelve Maryland communities suddenly find themselves without water. Farmers in Virginia request federal drouth aid. The legislatures of Florida and Tennessee pass water conservation acts.

Today water is the common concern of the American farmer and the Madagascar woman who carries her daily supply in a jar balanced upon her head, and of the Sudanese who store their water in the trunks of hollow trees. It is the common concern of the Mayor of Aurora, Colorado, who must find more water to slake the thirst of an increasing population, and the Mayor of Chicago, who must find more water with which to dispose of sewage. It is the common concern of the central valley of Arizona,

where the ground water tables are falling at an alarming rate, and the industries along the Missouri River, which suffer periodic flood damage.

There is not a sizable area in the United States which today does not have a major water problem, and though the problems vary, the general nature of them is significant. With the advent of industrialization and the trend toward the concentration of populations into urban areas, the demand for water for industrial uses, sewage and waste disposal, and domestic and municipal uses increased by leaps and bounds. This increased demand, although posing serious prcblems in certain areas, was not at first so alarming as to be considered a question of national importance. However, the continuance of this trend, coupled with the recent explosive increase in population, has created difficulties so widespread and of such a serious nature that water has indeed become a national concern. President Eisenhower has said, "Water is rapidly becoming the nation's most precious natural resource." On another occasion he stated, "The conservation and use which we make of the water resources of our nation may in large measure determine our future progress and the standards of living of our citizens."

To illustrate the magnitude of this increase in demand upon the water resource, consider these figures. In 1900 our water use averaged 600 gallons per day per person. In 1900 the population was 76 million persons. Today the population is in excess of 170 million, and our average water use per person has increased to 1500 gallons per day. Yet estimates indicate that by 1980 our water use will be two times what it is today.

The dilemma in which we find ourselves is illustrated by an advertisement in the May 23, 1960, issue of *Time,* which shows a camel in a deserted street of an American town. The lead line of the ad reads, "Your town may be dying of thirst." The text of the ad states, "The harsh fact is that the country is billions of dollars behind in construction . . . just to meet present day water needs."

I have mentioned industrial uses as an important factor in the increased demand. The magnitude of industrial demands is evidenced by the 65,000 gallons needed to make a ton of finished steel, the 50,000 gallons to make a ton of paper, the 500 tons of

water used for every ton of coal burned in a steam power plant, and the 10 gallons needed to refine one gallon of gasoline. Industrial uses account for 46 percent of our total water use, and by 1975 will exceed 60 percent of the total. Although these figures denote usage and not consumption, nevertheless they do indicate tremendous demands upon the water supply.

How much water do we have and how is it being used? On the average, the amount of water received from precipitation in the United States is approximately thirty inches per year. Of this, twenty-one inches is returned to the atmosphere by evaporation and transpiration. This leaves for man's use and management nine inches out of thirty. Of this amount, three inches are diverted and withdrawn for man's use and six inches flow to the ocean. Of the three inches we use, one inch is consumed or returns to the atmosphere and the other two inches, after use, return to the ocean.

Our total water supply is more than adequate for any conceivable demands if it can be put to use. But if you turn on the faucet and nothing comes out, you are still short of water no matter what the national average may be.

The basic water problems have been variously classified. Perhaps the categories used by the Geological Survey are descriptive. They are distribution, variability, floods, and quality.

The problem of distribution arises, of course, from the fact that although there is a large total amount of water available, it is unequally distributed. Some areas have too much and others too little.

Variability of precipitation from season to season and from year to year alternately creates surpluses and shortages, and is one of the reasons for building storage reservoirs to carry over water from wet seasons and wet years for use during dry seasons and dry years.

Although much work has been done in the way of flood control, floods will continue to be a problem, and the problem may be a growing one due primarily to the increasing encroachment of people upon the flood plains, which means that every time there is a flood, the damage increases.

Water quality is receiving recognition as one of the important keys to a solution of our water problems. There are in certain areas of this country tremendous amounts of brackish and salt water now unfit for use, and, of course, in those areas lying adjacent to or near the ocean, an inexhaustible supply of salt water is available. Great effort is being made to find the means and processes by which brackish and salt water may be converted to usable water at an economical cost. These efforts offer much promise of new supplies, and substantial progress has been made. The city of Coalinga, California, now receives its municipal water supply from brackish well water. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company is operating its power plant at Morro Bay, California, with water converted from sea water, and the federal government, through the Department of the Interior, is about to construct five conversion plants for further experimentation.

Yet, while these efforts to increase the usable water supply of the nation are underway, the wastage of our usable fresh water by man-made pollution continues.

Pollution can have far reaching effects. For example, the discharge of industrial waste into two tributaries of the Muskingum River in Ohio caused contamination of the waters of that river for more than one hundred miles downstream, and has affected the ground water supply of several cities. Although steps have been taken to eliminate these sources of pollution, the effect upon the ground water aquifers may continue for decades. In the Merrimac River basin in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, there were in 1955, 150 separate significant sources of pollution, 91 of them caused by sewage discharge, and 59 by industrial wastes. The lower Potomac River, which flows through the city of Washington, D.C., is appropriately referred to as an open sewer.

Nor is the problem confined entirely to the East. The Neosho River in Kansas is the source of water for twelve cities and also for the disposal of their sewage. Detergents are not absorbed in water treatment plants and tend to accumulate during re-use. At times detergents became so concentrated in the Neosho River that suds were formed when water was drawn from the kitchen faucet. Closer to home, the use and re-use of the waters of Clear Creek between Golden, Colorado, and the South Platte River have created very serious problems. The untreated wastes of

industries and municipalities have been estimated to be equal to the sewage wastes of 150 million people.

Not only does man-made pollution unnecessarily deplete the usable water supply, but it also has very harmful effects on the fish and wildlife resource and the utilization of streams and rivers for recreational purposes. This is important, for the increasing population is creating great pressures upon our recreational resources.

That the urgency of the pollution problem is being recognized is evidenced by the negotiation among eastern states of five interstate agreements relating to pollution control. This, however, is but a start toward the solution of that problem.

Almost from the beginning of the settlement of the West, there has been, because of the limited water supply, extreme competition for the use of water. As a result of necessity, there has been established over the past one hundred years a system of water law, designed to meet the problems of high demand and limited supply. The rest of the nation is not so fortunate and it is only in recent times that the eastern and southern parts of the nation have had to face the complex legal problems resulting from increasing competition for the use of the water resource.

That the legal problems are complex can be illustrated in the Great Lakes area. Here is the greatest body of inland fresh water in the world, apparently sufficient to supply water for any conceivable uses. Yet, when it was proposed to increase the diversion of water from Lake Michigan to the Illinois River to assist the city of Chicago in disposing of its sewage, objections were raised by Canada and many of the Great Lakes states. It was contended that any lowering of the lake level, even by a few inches, would have an adverse effect upon navigation and the generation of electric power at Niagara Falls.

There are industrial areas located near the Great Lakes but outside the Great Lakes drainage basin which could economically obtain a water supply by pipe line from that source. These areas are legally prohibited from doing so because, under present water law, diversion out of the Great Lakes drainage basin for use in another basin is prohibited.

Under the federal Constitution, the federal government has paramount power and authority to regulate and control the

rivers and lakes for navigation. This constitutional authority conflicts with the rights of the states and their inhabitants to divert and use the waters of rivers and lakes for industrial, municipal, and other purposes. The conflicting legal rights are cause for concern.

Last January, I attended in Chicago a water conference held under the auspices of the Council of State Governments. In attendance were representatives of some forty states of the nation, each seeking from the experience of others and by common discussion an answer to individual water problems. In the forefront of the problems discussed was the kind of laws which would protect vested rights and which would at the same time permit a program to meet the increasing needs. To adapt and adopt law to meet the changing conditions will be a difficult job at best, and at times the obstacles will appear to be insurmountable. But I recall the words of Justice Cardoza, who, prior to his appointment to the United States Supreme Court and while he was on the New York Court of Appeals, stated:

> Sooner or later, if the demands of social utility are sufficiently urgent, if the operation of an existing rule is sufficiently productive of hardship or inconvenience, utility will tend to triumph. . . . Jurisprudence has never been able in the long run to resist successfully a social and economic need that was strong and just. We have a conspicuous illustration in the law of waters in our western states. . . . Here we have the conscious departure from a known rule and the deliberate adoption of a new one, in obedience to the promptings of a social need so obvious and so insistent as to overrun the ancient channel and cut a new one for itself.

To meet the water needs of the nation will require the most intelligent thought of the scientific, engineering, and legal professions to the end that our water resource be used and reused to the best advantage. You will hear more and more the words "multi-purpose development." In essence these words mean nothing more than that no water project should be constructed to accomplish a single purpose, when the same or a similar project could accomplish several purposes. No longer can we afford the luxury of single-purpose water projects when multi-purposes can be accomplished. No dam site should be utilized

for the production of power alone when the site can be made to produce both power and flood control. No reclamation project should be constructed to supply irrigation water when it can also be made to supply municipal and industrial water. No reservoir site should be utilized solely for flood control when it can also be made to produce power and water supplies. And no water project should ignore the possibility of protecting and enhancing the fish and wildlife resource or the opportunity for providing additional recreation facilities.

To meet the water needs of the nation will take the coordinated efforts of the federal, state, and local governments, private citizens, and private organizations. It will require the combined financial resources of public and private money. The job is too big to be done by any one alone or by all acting independently of each other. Coordination of effort is the key to the solution.

THREE ACTS

By JUDSON JEROME

When Spring creaks on with birds delighting sheer
from every pale green freckled limb we see
the sun is made by yellow gels and hear
the backstage shifting of machinery.
Act II: an orange burn bends from the wings
and, like a Midas, ruins all with gold.
The heroine, once winsome, bronzly sings
to him, once shy, who shadows to take hold.
More wrenching, now, of flats. Upstage, a scrim
suggests the hazy distance and the Fall.
A ruddy spot, a crow on a ragged limb,
a mezzo wailing by a plaster wall.

RECOMMENDATION: IN STILL-EARLY SPRING

By Raymond Roseliep

A history of love has blossomed
and died for a night in him.
As the dry corn tossed
he is coming,
bringing for his credential
himself and a newer longing
to the field of your early spring.

Dark is the lover coming
for exquisite burial
carrying the whirl
of brightgreen.

Be soil and sun and woman
when you see him lean
to the acres of your marvelous spring.

A history of love will tassel
greenbrightly in your land
from end to delicate end,
and death be blown to symbol.

The soul in the corn is humming
while the flesh on the corn is dim:
Young is the lover coming.
Love him.

WATCHING SEAGULLS

By JOHN MCGANN

Above the river, gulls in random glides
Move seaward. Their long arcs are frozen on
My glassy stare. White dots collect upon
A flicking eye, form crests of waves in tides

That reach up toward me on the sand, with foam
Still bubbling in their breathing fingers, but
They dissipate before my camera's shut
With views, back out again, a metronome

Of action reaching in to call those birds.
I too, attracted by the water's time,
Will sweep beyond the surf, if I can climb
With quicker rhythm through the breakers, herds

Of white backs rolling in to sound the shore,
But so, I tried to fly on child wings from
A field beside the highway. Cars still hum
About that moment when I jumped to soar

Unmeasured length, but months and years can be
Collected from that hill, as I watch wings
At peaks, choose instantly, one turn from swings
To many paths, all riding to the sea.

FROM THE VISTA DOME

By JOAN SWIFT

We journeyed eastward under plexiglas
In the vortex of a shiny bubble,
Our mute distortions given back to us
In the vault of the dome, our heads grown tall
And oddly curved, each eye reflected there
A mammoth lake where, blue and ice
Commingled, we might lean our brows and stare.

Beneath, beyond, the frozen countryside
Slid past. Where plaster snow showed cracks
Stiff cattle stood. Among some brittle weed
A stream had stopped beside the tracks
And lay like oil paint on a rigid canvas.
Speech out there, one shouted word,
Would lose itself in wastes of rimy grass.

Within, the loves we left or hastened toward
Obscured our stares. The snow that swept
The lucent glass touched me. But a woman read
In slacks and green sunglasses, kept
By weather of her own on these excursions.
On separate, slender rails we rode,
Each with his bag of cold or warm provisions.

The fairy midwife

ANTHONY C. WEST

Danny Dolan was a parish character in my youth; a small sour shrunken vain man and nicknamed the Sergeant for his straight back and powerful voice: all whisker and shout, the neighbors used to say, like Danny Dolan. He cherished a large moustache, red at the roots and bleached towards the ends and stretching across his face from ear to ear. He never wearied telling why he had grown it in the trenches in France and how in miraculous ways it had saved him from hurt and harm. The local wits associated it with his well-evidenced virility.

One autumn afternoon when I was nibbling at homework under my mother's acute eye, Mrs. Dolan called on us. I was glad to see her since I figured the visit might shorten my chore, and I liked her. She was a huge jolly handsome woman quite as broad as she was tall with forearms thick as my thighs tapering swiftly to slim square wrists and small hands, and she was light on her feet as a young girl, all her years of slavish work and onerous bearing under the cold constant whip of want never robbing her of an inarticulate faith in life and essential decency. She washed clothes and chored for other people six mornings a week and walked miles with the youngest wain on her arm for half-a-crown a day, but save in slavish effort she was no Caliban and her soft warm voice incarnated all her kindliness—the sort of voice a hurt or disconsolate child would know to be comforting.

After salutations and enquiries for the health of the family she complained of terrible pains in her knees, saying they seemed to be getting dry since they cracked. For my mother's benefit she moved her legs, and I heard the crepitation across the room which made willies in my stomach as I visualized bone-dry bones working in oil-less sockets. She said she was sixteen stone and was putting on more weight which she did not want. My mother gave her a bottle of camphorated oil stiffened with a dash of arnica

and told her to rub her knees every night. She took the bottle gratefully but stayed on, some other matter also on her mind.

Glancing over at me, she said in a low voice: "I suppose you're surprised, Mrs. West, I haven't had any more wains?"

"Indeed, I think it's time you called a halt, Brigid," my mother suggested gently, not too comfortable and looking sideways at me.

"It is, ma'am," she agreed. "I'll be fifty-four this month, God willing. But if I'd known as much as I do now, I mightn't have had so many altho' I wouldn't be doing without them now they are here."

"Oh," my mother muttered rather distastefully, again glancing at me, for she had a puritan sort of mind that shrank from any such intimate discussion, especially before a fourteen-year-old boy with whom she endeavored to sustain an implicit understanding that babies and rhubarb trees were almost the same thing in spite of her considerable awareness of the broad and bawdy parish doings.

"I've been wanting to tell ye about it, ma'am," Mrs. Dolan was saying.

"Don't tell me anything you don't want to," my mother protested, shifting uneasily, and I was hoping she would dismiss me for the rest of the afternoon for it was a good one with a blue edge of frost on the shadows hiding from a long-slanting sun of bright gold.

"But I want to tell ye!" Mrs. Dolan insisted. "You're the only educated woman in the parish who would understand!"

This made my mother colour a little since she disliked direct compliment, but Mrs. Dolan continued:

"It all happened just after the last little one saw the light of day three year ago, ma'am. I've never mentioned it to a soul till now. As ye know, I never spend much time lying with a wain. I'm down and up maybe in the same twenty-four hours since there's a lot to do in our house even if it has only two rooms. Well, the very night after little Rose was born I'd just settled when I heard a small voice crying 'Mammie.'

"Of course the sleep melted off me, and I arose but found no one stirring. Touch wood, but I'd never lost a night's rest with one of the whole fifteen, teething and all, thank God. As I was about to lie down again, I heard the same voice and then on the

hearthstone I saw one of the Good People."

She paused to watch my mother's face for a few seconds before going on.

"I—I know ye won't be laughing at me, ma'am, for 'tis well known ye can see them when ye have a mind to. That's why I'm telling you now."

I pricked my ears since her story promised to deal with the more poetical aspects of childbearing. While she made no claim to it nor set store by it I knew my mother, may her soul rest, had a sort of gift for prevision. She had also an uncanny and fastidious memory, and I think her so-called second sight was more of a disturbance than a solace.

"You were probably dreaming, Brigid." She was discouraging in a kindly way.

"Oh, no, ma'am, I wasn't! I could see her clear as I see you. She was a quiet and neat little body very like our Jubilee Nurse and her wee face was worried and she was wringing her hands enough to do a Monday wash."

"Is it ye who calls me?" I asks.

"It is," she replies, her voice no greater than a mouse squeak but quite understandable.

"And what would ye be wanting with me?" I asks, making the sign of the Cross just to be on the safe side.

"I ask a favour," she says with a small bow.

"And what sort of favour could I be doing the likes of you?"

"Helping at a thing you of all women are good at," she says. *"My young mistress, the queen, is about to have her first child, and she is very freckened in case anything goes wrong and it a boy. She demands that a knowing person like yourself be there."*

"And is she big as you are?" I asks. I was sorry enough since I know what women do be going through with the first one—be they queens or tinkers.

"Oh, no!" the little nurse smiles. *"She's much neater than I am!"*

"Then what makes ye think a woman my size could assist another smaller one than you are?" I ask.

"The size won't be any trouble at all," she says. *"I can reduce ye down."*

"But can ye reduce me back again?" I ask.

"To be sure! All I've got to have is your consent, for Saint Patrick laid it upon us not to interfere with Christians without their agreeing. There need be no fear on ye, Mrs. Dolan."

"I know what it's like with the first one," I says. *"When the early pangs start, it looks like the stones' end and your queen may well go on for hours. What if my own wains call on me? Dolan won't get up to them!"*

"I'll lay a deep sleep on them till ye return," she says. *"No one will miss you, and when we look after children they never come to any harm. And what is more, ye can have a wish."*

"Only one?" I ask. *"Didn't it used to be three?"*

"Yes," she agreed, nodding her head. *"It did used to be three, but everyone allus wasted two and had to use the last one to get out of trouble, so we cut it down to one. Giving mortals wishes is like having teeth out to us Good People—not the wish so much as the greed ye make which torments us. But time is passing and me lady is very sick."*

"Well, Mrs. West," she confessed self-consciously. "I couldn't refuse—now, could I? And soon as I said the word I was whished out to the top of Gealach Hill above the house where the old rath used to be in bygone days. I didn't know I was there till I saw where I was, and I didn't know I was reduced till I saw a rabbit. Believe me, that rabbit was big as the elephant John saw in the Dublin Zoo at the school picnic, and his four feet shook the ground as he flew past me. I thought I was walking by a great forest—I was only passing through grass! To say no lie I felt very small and freckened.

"The little midwife took me by the hand altho' she was now the same size as meself. She tied a cobweb on me sight and led me into some sort of house for I heard strange voices and laughing.

"Ye can take it off now," she said in my ear.

"I did so, and I was in a beautiful room twenty-five times the size of my kitchen. My knees were like water for I'd never been in such a mansion before. It was lined with costly furniture with hangings on the walls and lovely pictures, and there were surely five dozen finely dressed lords and ladies in silks and satins, great jewels in their ears and rings on their fingers, and the roof above was like a wide starry sky. I'll never forget it, ma'am. But I felt terrible to be so far above my place in me old clothes, and I

chided the nurse for not bringing me in the back way.

"There is only one door here for prince or for pauper," she says. *"If it's finery ye want, well, have it!"*

"She waved her hands at me and took me to a mirror. I near fell down. I was grand and proud as any lady there—still much about the same shape, mind you, but very well attired altho' the low dress was a bit unsuitable for a woman my mind and age. If he'd seen me Dolan would have called me a bad name. And I couldn't help thinking what a fine dress I could make out of it for young Bridie. But that's by the way. Ye know how such things run through a woman's mind.

"The nurse led me to a shiny door, knocked, and went in, telling me as I followed to wash me hands and put on a white overall hanging by the washbasin. I could hear the usual groans and grunts behind a big pair of red curtains on one of them poster beds, and only that the room was so airless I felt a bit more at home. I never could get enough fresh air myself at such a time.

"There were seven ould women in a corner making a sort of soft caoine—they were supposed to be the helpers but divil the much help they were giving, and I could see by their dark looks they didn't take to me. But the nurse goes to the bed-curtains and pulls them apart and makes a bow.

"I have the very woman ye want, your majesty," she says, beckoning me to step over.

"Indeed, ma'am, she was a real queen if queens are dainty and beautiful. Her fair long hair smoothed the pillow like is was gold, and her eyes were blue and her skin clean as new sweet-milk. She smiled at me between her spasms, and by the rate of them I knew her time was not far off.

"Well, sort of natural-like I took charge and got the nurse to let in some fresh air for a start, and the seven ould women began to moan and shiver until the queen made a sign for them to go out or else be quiet and they shut up. I don't want to go into the details before young Tony, here, but it was all very odd. Them ould witches had been trying on charms and bawbees, and the poor girl was terrible nervous and uncomfortable but by the lie of the ba I knew it was all right.

"I told her how to put herself easy and encouraged her to let go and heave and groan much as she liked. I always roared at the

top of me lungs—not in pain but because it helped me bear down. I held her hands at the tight corners and kept wiping the sweat off her face, me own body full sore in sympathy, and it was no time at all before she produced a darling wee boy roaring his head off.

"I was about to cut the cord and tie it when the nurse stopped me. It seemed the king himself had to do this to make sure the future king was his and not a changeling. I didn't hold with men running about at such times, but it had to be.

"The king came in with twelve of his wise men. They stood round the bed and watched him cut the cord. For a man he did the job right well. They're usually handy enough at the beginning but not near so capable the other end!"

"Yes," my mother agreed, looking at me. "But go on, Brigid." she hastened.

"Well, ye know the usual things that have to be done after the birth—no need to go into them now. The nurse took charge of the wain, and the look on the queen's face made me cry when it was clapped on her breast and started mouthing for the nipple. It made me own breasts flow. It's often the best time a woman has, I do be thinking—them first few hours with everything over and quiet.

"I wanted to go then but the nurse said I'd have to see the king about the wish. She gave me more water to wash and helped tidy me a bit for I was sweating with the work and the worry. A woman allus worries at such times, as ye know. It's easier to have one yourself than it is to watch another.

"The king was sitting in his own room on a high chair of gold. He rises up and takes me hand and kisses it! Then he bid me sit in his golden chair.

"Dear, Mrs. Dolan," he says, his voice wavery. *"Ye can have the best wish in the land for what ye've done for us this night. There's few Good People left in Ireland now and we have to be very careful about our wains. I've been waiting for a son and heir for the last thousand years."*

"I was speechless, and a hundred good wishes fluttered through me head like larks and all getting stuck in me throat.

"And have ye no wish?" he asked me, puzzled by my silence.

"Sir," I says. *"It is far too many I have."*

"Aye," he says sadly, *"that's usually the trouble with mortals. I can give ye happiness, maybe?"* he suggests.

"I have that of sorts already," I comes back.

"Well — fame?"

"Indeed, in a queer way, sir, I've got that too," I reply.

"Good fortune?"

"No, thank ye," I say. *"All in all my fortune is not a bad one."*

"You are indeed very rich," he smiled.

"I am very poor, sir," I says.

"Well, then, what can I give you? I can offer you gold but 'tis worthless in your world, and all our precious stones are nothing more to ye than rubbish on the road since ye have lost the art of looking at them. That fine dress ye wear is but the flower of a common weed. We have the secret of the beautiful which ye mortals have forgotten."

"I didn't quite know what he meant by this, but I tried to look wise.

"Would ye not like to live on with us here in style and comfort?" he asks.

"And leave all me wains?" I ask, affronted at him.

"Ye can have them here too."

"And Danny—what about him?"

"No, I'm afraid not," he says, shaking his head. *"We just can't live alongside lazy crabid people. They give us something like cramps in our minds, and that man of yours has been playing the divil with us for the past forty year and more."*

"How, sir," I asks, *"could I wish that I'd have no more babies?"*

"That is a most difficult thing to grant, m'am," he says, rubbing his chin. *"It is not truly a single straight wish at all, so much else depends on it. But why should you desire that particular wish?"*

"For the same reason that your lady wanted me here this night," I replies smartly. *"I've fifteen wains, and surely that's sufficient for one poor woman in spite of Father Pat's encouragements!"*

"But you could have sixteen or eighteen. Why stop at fifteen?" he asks, just like a man. *"Children are the laughter of the gods, woman."*

"Well, I had me answers for that one too. I told him there was little more room in the house for one thing and that I was getting on and not near so smart as I was and this being so I might start

neglecting the babies like some of the neighbours I know. I had plenty of reasons for not wanting any more.

"I begin to understand," he says, nodding his head. *"I think we can grant you a wish on such terms. We're not totally powerful here, y'know. Your God is also ours, and He has the first and last say about human comings and goings. But, listen to me. The secret of your lazy husband's great strength lies in his moustache. He doesn't know that, but I do. Ye'll have to have it off."*

"He'd murder me if I touched it!" I says. *"He's fonder of his whiskers than any wife or bairn!"*

"The King walked up and down the floor at this, his chin on his chest."

"Never mind, sir," I says after a while, *"if ye can't manage it. The same problem has puzzled many a man and woman."*

"Oh, we can do it all right," he says, smiling at me. *"I was only thinking about the best and easiest way to set about it. I don't want to rise trouble between you and your husband."*

"Well, Mrs. West, he advised me quietly to cut off a little every night and that he would help by casting a deep sleep upon Danny. I thanked him while wondering what was going to be less trouble—having another wain or sawing off the whiskers. It never was the having of them that vexed me. It's the worry afterwards with the heart split fifteen different ways.

"Here is a token from me," the king says on parting. He handed me a big red jewel the shape of a bird's egg. *"It'll only be a bit of a stone in the morning but keep it by you as a charm,"* he advised me.

"Well, the little nurse led me outside with the cobweb on me eyes and thanked me, and next thing I remembered was me own bed in the morning light and Danny snoring longside me, quite innocent as to where I had been.

"I looked over at his moustache, and it hung like an ould wet sack over his mouth and fluttered in his breath and, to tell the truth, I never did like it. It allus annoyed me, more ways 'n one.

"I felt something hard under me and found a little bit of bricky stone which I can show ye in my purse to this day. Then, word by word, I recalled all I've told ye. I couldn't have made it up—could I?" she queried anxiously. "I couldn't make up all that talk—now, could I?"

"Indeed, Brigid, I am sure you could not," my mother soothed.

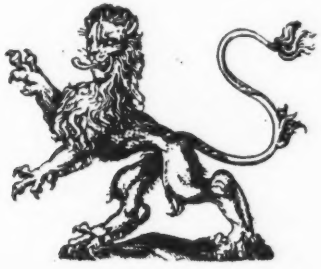
"Well, m'am," she continued, pacified, "I got out of the bed very quietly and gave little Rose the breast for I was running and uncomfortable. I allus had plenty of milk for them. Then I found the scissors. They were blunt as two kex with the children cutting wire with them, but I'll swear Danny's whiskers were tough as bullwire any day. I took a tiny bit off all round and he never stirred although the chippings made him sneeze.

"Next night, the same. And the next night, and the next. It was a full month before I noticed any change. Of course, I'd been getting used to it well as he had. Then young Patrick mentioned to me one day that his daddy's moustache seemed to be growing in again.

"It is short now, and I'm still keeping at it. Danny has noticed it now, and he's worried about his health and keeps putting goose-fat on it, and he's not half the man he thought he was. People told him that worms boiled in milk makes hair grow, and he tried even that. They do be fooling him, ye know. They even told him to get lard from a hedgehog—he hunted hedgehogs for weeks and tried that. They told him worse things, m'am, but I put me foot down at the smell. But as the king said, every time he lays an ear to the pillow, he dies into a deep sleep and never bothers about anything till morning.

"So, that is my story, Mrs. West," she ended. "I've told no one but yourself since I know ye'll understand." She looked anxiously into my mother's face.

"Indeed, Brigid, I do understand," my mother said softly and gently, but I fancied I caught a whiff of sadness in her voice when she bade me: "Tony, please put the kettle on for a cup of tea for Mrs. Dolan."



A PERJURY

By Margaret Cobb Shipley

A mile above the sea our snows fall
Lightly, vanish under sun. By night
It tends to strain belief, perjure sight
To find the drifted flake ephemeral,
The jonquil pushing up—half a foot
Of earth above a bulb is not enough,
It rises fooled unless that much and half
Again is used and rises then in doubt,
As do we all, of winter where a snow
Comes and goes at hide and seek with hot,
Hare and pheasant track are there, are not,
Hyacinth and willow wand show,
And rim of snow on window ledge at noon
By evening is forgot. It tends to break
The faith, a field by sundown going bleak
Whose morning blaze of ice-reflected sun
Struck amber, steel and jade from every stem,
Fused with fire the poles of hot and cold
In flowers of light the mind may never hold
Nor quite recall as noonday shatters them.

Our national defense position

ARLEIGH BURKE

In contemplating our nation's security efforts and the important role of our national military power in those efforts, it is essential that we view them in their proper perspective, in their relation to all of the other elements of our national strength. The United States has many strengths. Military power is only one of them. We must recognize at the outset that our national objectives, and the means by which we seek to achieve them, involve primarily nonmilitary activities.

Our country is a leader in a great international effort to create a world environment in which law and justice prevail over brute force, an environment in which the independence of nations is respected, in which human liberty can flourish, and in which the dignity and integrity of individuals are secure. We seek, in concert with other nations, to create a stable world community in which people may live in freedom and in peace. In pursuit of these objectives, the United States is engaged in many programs through many international institutions, in joint and cooperative efforts with many free nations throughout the world, working in the fields of economics, culture, education, science, and medical research.

These are all peaceful projects. They go on day after day, week after week, year after year. They are not spectacular programs. The progress is slow, but it is a steady progress toward the liberation of mankind from the shackles of ignorance, of disease, of poverty and privation. The gains do not make the news headlines, because they are gradual gains; they take place every day in many little, unobtrusive ways. Yet, these are the solid foundations of human progress. These are the fields in which so much good is being done, and where much more good needs to be done throughout the world by men dedicated to the proposition that the individual person, his dignity as a human being, his inherent love of freedom, his self-respect, his social and cultural develop-

ment, and his spiritual values are at the center of all human existence. These are the bases of human growth and social progress. The ability of a nation to lead the world toward the higher purposes of humanity is based upon all the elements of national power: spirital strength, political wisdom, social stability, economic maturity, the knowledge and skill of the people.

The problems encountered in pursuit of our humanitarian goals do not lend themselves in all cases to solution by military means. The solutions, instead, are to be found in the hearts of free men, in the willingness of men in all walks of life to advance the frontiers of knowledge, of human understanding and truth, to bring to all peoples the fulfillment of a free spirit. I speak now of teachers, clergymen, doctors, public officials, scientists, engineers, businessmen, and the many others for whom the opportunities are unlimited in the cause of human liberty.

To carry on this great human enterprise, we must be strong. We must be morally strong, economically sound, and politically stable. We must also be militarily strong; for standing astride the path of man's advancement toward a fuller life is the concept of spiritual and material slavery, which flourishes not on stability and genuine peace but rather feeds on hatred and violence. For this reason, we must have not only a strong moral conviction in the concept of law and order but also the physical strength to give meaning and substance to that conviction, to back our determination with the ability to insure that justice will prevail. Just as we insist upon law, order, and decency within our own domestic society for the mutual protection of all, we must also work for justice and responsibility within the world community.

We have demonstrated our opposition to war and the use of force in settling issues. But fear of war is another matter. The United States wants peace, of course, but not at the price of freedom, not at the price of honor, not at the price of self-respect, either as free men or as an independent nation. Our objective is freedom. Our policy is peace. We must not confuse our objectives and our policies. We will not sacrifice our hard won liberties in exchange for Communist slavery. Let us not be deluded in our yearning for a peaceful world. We face a long period of conflict, as long as the Communists insist upon expanding their influence

and imposing the will of the Kremlin over more people all over the world.

We must recognize, however, that the Communists have no intention of gaining their objectives solely by the use of military force. This is one of the most misunderstood facts of life today. Because of this misunderstanding, we can lose the entire stamina and integrity of our civilization. For the Communists, military strength is an important instrument in political warfare; but it is only one of several different and powerful means by which they are working to gain their objectives, step by step, in the cautious manner of conspirators, certain in their purposes. They have shown, and they now show, a rare skill in the psychological use of good military strength. They prefer to gain their objectives through the threat of force and through the prestige of real military strength. They have often gained their ends without having to commit their forces, and that is important. But, more important, they are schooled in the discipline of the prudent use of military force. Their cardinal rule is that the destiny of communism must not be jeopardized by harebrained risk.

This has been so in the past and it will continue to be so in the future. This is the perspective in which we should regard the military factor in world affairs. Military power is an essential element in the total strength of a nation, but it is only one of the elements. Foreign policy and military power are closely interdependent. Foreign policy to be effective must be coupled with the kind of military power necessary to give significance to our position in world affairs. It must inspire respect for our policy in our relations with other nations. This means that the military power must be real; and it must be so constituted as to give maximum flexibility in determining what our foreign policy shall be. This power, in turn, must be supported by the will of an informed public to use it wisely in support of the principles for which we stand as a nation. It has been in the American tradition to keep the military factor in the background, secondary to our main effort to make social progress in peace and in an atmosphere of good will. With this in mind, let us look a little closer at the military factor itself.

It is clear that the first requirement is to deter the Communists from initiating a general nuclear war. The United States must

continue to be capable of inflicting heavy, unacceptable damage to the Communist heartland should the Kremlin ever initiate general nuclear war. This is psychologically necessary every day, even though general war is remote. We do not need to equate our resources for this with those of the enemy. We do not need 450 submarines because the Communists have that many, nor do we need to limit ourselves to a specific number of heavy bombers because that is all they have, nor do we have to build an Intercontinental Ballistic Missile to match each one the Communists build. We need only what it takes to wreak sufficient damage upon the enemy, enough damage to make it unprofitable for him to initiate an all-out nuclear attack upon us or any of our free world allies. Since we have sufficient strength to assure the Communists of significant retaliation, the possibility of all-out attack becomes very remote. We have that capability now. We can and will maintain it.

The advent of ballistic missiles brings into sharp focus some basic considerations in the utility of armed force as an instrument of national policy. Missiles emphasize the importance of initiative and surprise. They render our military installations in fixed locations more vulnerable than ever before. The only objective the Communists could have for starting a general nuclear war would be to eliminate the ability of the United States to retaliate. This means that the Communists would launch their attack against all our known positions. They know where our bases are, both here at home and overseas. Our missile sites are known too. Thus, our problem is to provide missile sites which are not known, which reduce an enemy's advantages of surprise and initiative. He must be confronted with a United States ballistic missile posture which assures him that he will be destroyed if he ever launches a nuclear attack against us.

This retaliation potential is one of the great advantages of the Navy's Fleet Ballistic Missile System—in nuclear powered submarines, the Polaris Missile, which last July completed its operational tests with flying colors. This invulnerable system is immune to long-range ballistic missile attack. Hidden and moving in the depths of the ocean, each nuclear submarine with sixteen solid-propellant missiles ready to strike back instantly or deliberately, represents a remarkable retaliatory weapons system which

will convince any aggressor that all he can gain from a nuclear attack is his own, certain, inevitable destruction.

We must recognize, however, that this system deters only the initiation of nuclear war, nothing else. What it does not deter is a wide spectrum of attrition and aggression which goes on every day. When the United States had a monopoly on the atomic bomb in the years immediately following World War II, this did not deter the Communists from continuing their expansionist policies. In a period of nuclear parity, the Communists have not been deterred from aggressions short of general nuclear war. This means that we must be able to deal effectively with Communist aggressions on whatever scale they choose to initiate armed conflict. We must have military power to resist Communist physical force wherever they apply force, whenever they apply it, and on whatever scale they attempt to use it. Our forces must, then, be responsive to a wide variety of possible situations. The world situation is constantly changing. World events are the results of actions by people. Views change. Attitudes change. New forces gain momentum, new faces appear, new leaders emerge in countries around the world. Many minds throughout the world are at work on the strategy and tactics of international politics. Situations change, often very rapidly. Circumstances vary from one day to the next and from one region to another.

Military power must be finely tuned to the changes which are taking place constantly. It cannot be static. Instead it must be responsive to the day-to-day demands of a moving dynamic world community. Our military forces must be useful instruments of United States foreign relations on a day-to-day basis. They must be capable of constant, quick, and easy adjustment to a broad range of everyday events. I am speaking now of our total military power, our armed forces team in which the Army, the Air Force, the Marines, and the Navy all have essential jobs to do. No one service can provide the full range of military power necessary to the security of the United States. In recognition of this the services plan together; they operate together in joint exercises. Our joint and unified commands are established to give cohesive direction to the total power of diversified military forces.

We in the Navy have this always in mind, as we develop our own unique capabilities to exploit the sea in American and free

world interests. The Navy's capabilities are a logical result of a realization of what seapower can do. The Navy is by nature easily adaptable to a variety of tasks running across the spectrum from diplomacy through cold and limited war to all-out war. Its existence alone is both a psychological and a material shield. In its operation, it can become instantaneously a sword. But in all cases, it is an instrument of national policy, not an end in itself.

At the very outset, naval power is quiet and restrained power. It does not dominate the international scene. It takes its proper place in the background in international affairs. Naval forces can be moved from one place to another quickly, freely, and unobtrusively. In having this quality, they involve no wholesale uprooting from one area and no major shifts to other locations. They carry no connotation of mass movement. They violate no sovereignty, for the high seas have no sovereignty.

The world is accustomed to the constant arrivals and departures of ships, all kinds of ships, ships carrying the flags of many nations to all ports of the world. The movement of United States warships fits in with the daily stream of international commerce and relationships. Hence their operations are rarely considered particularly newsworthy, except to those ports where the occasion calls for special notice. In the course of everyday diplomacy, United States naval ships may be ordered to visit foreign ports to pay courtesy calls, or to perform good will missions, or to render assistance to areas stricken by natural disasters. This goes on all the time, but few Americans are aware of the many positive peaceful ways in which United States naval forces serve the interests of international peace and good will. But our friends abroad recognize the advantages of this kind of power. They have seen it in action in many kinds of circumstances.

There are many areas where American influence can contribute to a local atmosphere of stability within which peaceful progress can be made toward the strengthening of political independence and economic development. However, with Communist intrigues, with the pressures of unrest and discord built up by those who seek to weaken free governments and overthrow them, it is sometimes necessary to support local authorities in maintaining firm control by the presence of armed power. Naval forces can appear in an area as an expression of American interest, as evidence of

American support of a beleaguered friend, as a warning to a threatening aggressor, all without violating the territorial integrity of any nation—yet visible on the local scene. When local problems erupt into serious crises, naval forces can act quickly to contribute to a climate of stability in the area. They can act quickly because they can move on the free seas without restriction.

The Lebanon situation and the Taiwan Straits crisis were two dramatic demonstrations of the twentieth century applications of American seapower, acting in concert with other elements of military power. In support of American policy, our military forces performed the role of creating an environment within which the Lebanese government and the Chinese Nationalists were able to work out their own immediate problems without interference from beyond their borders. United States forces did not drop a bomb. They did not launch a missile. They did not fire a gun. Yet, these forces were clear evidence of American intentions to keep the local issue localized, to insure that the conflict did not get out of hand and spread, and to insure that a free nation would not lose its freedom due to Communist threats or to Communist aggression.

We cannot predict what will happen in the future. We do not know where, or when, or how, the Communists will create further issues. But we can be sure they will continue their probing. They will apply pressures, and we must be ready to respond effectively wherever these pressures threaten to erupt into open violence. We must be ready to do this as we go about the daily effort in many fields of endeavor to make peaceful progress and contribute to greater stability in various parts of the world.

United States naval forces will continue to have their part in this effort to help strengthen the integrity of independent nations as they work toward greater security in the world family of nations. Where the sovereignty of nations in threatened, where the peace is disturbed, these same naval forces will have to be ready to respond without delay, with minimum effort, and with finesse and precision to whatever the situation demands.

There is nothing new in these demands upon naval power. The ability to respond effectively in many kinds of situations is a unique characteristic of naval forces. It takes only an order to move naval forces; and when they go, they move with all their

power, with air power, missiles, rockets, guns, landing forces, and the full range of military capabilities at sea. This broad range of capabilities, immediately available and easily moved from one place to another, makes the Navy particularly flexible in dealing with many kinds of problems. This flexibility is becoming more important than ever before.

Today the lines between war and peace are blurred. Communist psychological warfare, economic penetration, diplomatic pressure, and the threat of force, all create a situation of constant conflict, constant pressure, which can erupt into many kinds of crises in any number of places. Events of the past have demonstrated the growing need for closer working relationships between our diplomats, our foreign service officers, our military leaders in dealing with international affairs. But these human relationships are not subject to blueprints and preconceived plans. The arrangements must be flexible. The various elements of our strength—political, economic, military—must be capable of continuous adjustment to meet changing circumstances. We cannot make hard and fast rules to fit all occasions. Rigid plans can be upset by an unforeseen turn of events, some unexpected action from some unexpected quarter.

While we must, of course, plan for the more likely contingencies of the future, we must always remain adaptable to meet the unforeseen. We cannot be rigid in thought or action, but instead must be alert and readily responsive to change, as we move with purpose and energy in tackling the problems confronting us. This calls for a thorough understanding of our basic aims as a nation in the world community. It calls for common recognition of our American principles and of what must be done to support those ideas and ideals.

We are the trustees of a great heritage of freedom, a legacy of liberty, which brings with it not only the obligation to sustain the concept of freedom but also the responsibility to strengthen it, to advance it, and to pass it on intact to those who follow us. Never in the history of mankind has the challenge to human freedom been greater than it is today. We are living with this challenge daily in everything we do; and there is the danger that we may not see it for what it is, a crisis of civilization. We are bombarded on all sides through modern mass communications

media with the insidious influences of compromise, acquiescence, and surrender to a master-mind concept.

We have been told, over and over again, by the Communists that their aim is to establish world socialism, a planned society directed by the Kremlin, from whence would come all rules and all standards for the conduct of people. We have come to recognize that communism is not just a form of government, or an economic system, or a nationalistic movement, but rather a way of life, a philosophy and a form of control over human life which runs counter to the very basic instincts of mankind. It is all centrally controlled. Regulations for every facet of human existence are centrally imposed to eliminate all individual self-determination and to destroy the human liberties which we in the United States now take so much for granted. We are engaged in a power struggle in which the enemy is out to wear us down by attrition. Through consolidated strength, rigid controls, and central authority, he intends to make his day-by-day victories irreversible. We have no longer the clear-cut lines of demarcation between peace and war. What we have is neither peace nor general war, but rather a vast gray area in between. This gray area is the area of true Communist warfare. It is the area of attrition. It is the avoidance of dramatic Soviet military attacks but the constant nibbling all the way around the periphery of the world. And these nibbles are going to come faster and faster. Yesterday, it was Lebanon and Taiwan, followed by Berlin and Tibet. Today, our attention is focused on Communist maneuvers in the Congo, on Communist pressure exerted in Laos, on reckless Communist threats and political and economic penetration close at home in Cuba.

This is the approach the Communists are using and intend to keep on using. This is the type of conflict in which we, as Americans, are going to be engaged for a long time to come. We cannot meet that kind of challenge strictly with military force. It is time for us as people to face up squarely to this and plan to operate on this basis for a long time to come.

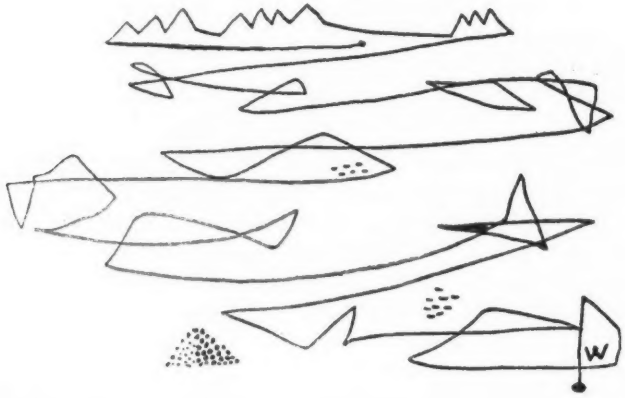
Nations die not from being defeated by an invader but because they lose their stamina, their will, their willingness to work, and their character. Nations die because the people of the nation become so preoccupied with their selfish interests, with their

creature comforts, that their self-interests interfere with their public interests.

What does this all mean? It means simply that the real threat of communism is on the day-to-day scene. It is in the constant effort of communism to undermine all the ethical and spiritual values which are part of the fabric of freedom. Where, then, does the answer lie for us? It lies in the day-to-day determination of Americans to excel in everything they do, in our readiness to stand firm in every pressure area and not give in to the Communist battle of attrition.

Whether we shall succeed in this great human enterprise is up to each of us individually. It will depend upon what we as a nation are willing to do; how hard we are willing to work; and how stoutly we shall defend and live by the principles to which our nation has been dedicated from the very beginning.

The road ahead is long and hard. The challenge is one which will confront us for decades and generations to come. It is the young people to whom I wish to appeal when I say that you have unprecedented resources in knowledge. You have the great opportunities of a glorious future before you; and you have tremendous responsibilities ahead in furthering those concepts of human dignity, of individual enterprise, and personal liberty which are the hope of all mankind. May you have the wisdom, the energy, and above all the will to further the cause of human freedom in the world.



Three poems

MARTIN ROBBINS

THE YEAR, SILENT IN SNOW

Silent in snow, the year
Deepens,
Drifts Christmas
Over the wind-creased hill,
Pauses
In solstice. Numb
As the sun in tracks of what
We were once,
We turn to face
What moves and passes in snow;
But find
Only the settling-in
Of heaviness in a mind which fills
With crystals,
A still pine that sags
Under weight of what we know.
We stagger,
Lost in days
Dreamed warm, and turn
To shout
With breath flaming
Our icy carols that suddenly
Spring-free
Green boughs of our lives
With a shower of sun-shattered crystals—
While drifted in snow, the year
Has passed, frost-blazed
But fallen.

LOOM OF TIME

In the loom of time
night's fibers
thread two lives together. Our footsteps
press dark streets
of the city past cars and woofing dogs
until memory's treadle
unravels our names again shrilled
in hide-and-seek.
The signals eye the night like ogres.

Looking
into each other's corner-dark fears,
we see
pigtails and a cowlick, and stop,

wanting to skip into home-base yelling
"Free."
In the trapped whirr of the traffic's pattern,
we turn from our whispered hiding places,
grown-up and alone,
until "one-two-three-for-You"
the names in our eyes draw us together
and our hands touch, caught in the loom of time.

A MIDWESTERN TOWN

The streetlamps of the town
Are no match for the stars.
With the rasp of branches
In quick prairie wind
They strike shadows
On autumn-rattled shutters.

His sword like a torchlight,
Orion pioneers
Over houses with love and
The mumps in them—their wagons
Dream-covered—as he trails west
Through the raceless schoolyard.

A candle on the back porch
Of the home for old women
Gleams out of gold years
Now boarded-up to the love
Of returned men who looked
Into youth's warm windows.

Time and the earth
Flicker. On the back fence
Of the dead year a newspaper
Catches. Recalling
The Thunder-God whose fall-out
Grew mutant corn,

It is the mind that rattles,
Retreating inside.
A dead leaf rasps
On the floor, is crushed
And thrown back to the stars
That beckon to uncover

Dreams refined
Silver as Venus—
While awash in pre-dawn
The streetlamps burn
And are still lighthouses
To our one star.

CINCINNATUS PLANS HIS DAY

By Robert L. Tyler

Breakfast has to be simple: one poached egg
Dropped into angry guts already tensing.
Much is waiting. Make out checks for those who beg
My help to save stray dogs; then the dispensing
Of office routines, plugging all tax chinks,
Giving depletion records the fine tooth comb;
Not one spare penny for Reds, or foreign Pinks,
Or those borers under the capitol dome.
For lunch some lean meat, clear soup, zwieback,
And a conference with my magazine chief
To plan how to give the brotherhood boys a sock
And find safe ways to call a thief a thief.
Then later a speech to ladies in the know:
No pulling punches there. Give the Elders hell;
Give the termite One Worlders blow for blow.
(When will the nation be ready to tell?)
Dine with the missus and her screwball friends—
Not bad, just babies, sapped by Frenchy art
And maybe suckers for the tolerance trends.
Then to bed like a soldier who's done his part.

Sex in contemporary literature

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

The sexual revolution that has broken out in some literary quarters has been conducted under the auspices of Wilhelm Reich rather than Sigmund Freud. The beatniks and hipsters who are seeking to overthrow the morally repellent and repressive tradition of American culture in matters of sex are too "revolutionary" to accept the advice of an orthodox psychoanalyst. Convinced that the society they live in is abnormal, they refuse to conform to what they consider its life-negating standards. Their programmatic intention of exploring the meaning of the sexual experience in order to comprehend the nature of man in its totality is *theoretically* unassailable, though it is difficult at first glance to see any close relationship between sexuality, as they interpret it, and literature. Their manifesto simply calls for an experimental advance that was largely carried through by such writers as Sherwood Anderson, James Joyce, Ernest Hemingway, Floyd Dell, D. H. Lawrence, and Henry Miller. But none of these men, with the possible exception of Henry Miller, who is the patron saint of the beat generation, ever maintained that sex was the be-all and end-all of existence. After the outbreak of the First World War and the rapid spread of Freudian doctrine, the sentiment of love was replaced by the imperative of physical passion, and sex became the dominant force. The identification of love with sex was made in explicit and militant terms.

Sherwood Anderson, in *Winesburg, Ohio,* had shown how those people who denied the existence of their sexual instincts paid the penalty by harvesting a crop of "queer" neurotic symptoms. The sexual source of energy could in part be sublimated but it could not be completely repressed without danger to the health and balance of the human organism. Thus Freud was vindicated in the outspoken literature of the twenties—not that Freud ever preached the virtue of sexual fulfillment without considering the demands of culture. Through the course of ages of civilization

mankind has learned the wisdom and necessity of sacrificing the primacy of instinct and bringing it under some form of control. Even Hemingway, for all his efforts to formulate a naturalistic morality in *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* never maintained that sex was all. Hemingway's fiction is supported by a "moral" backbone and in its search for ultimate meaning hints at a religious dimension. And D. H. Lawrence, in *Fantasia of the Unconscious,* protested vehemently against the overestimation of the sexual motive. Though sex in some form or other enters into all human activity and it was a good thing that Freud emphasized this aspect of human nature, it is fantastic to explain everything in terms of sex. "All is *not* sex," declared Lawrence. Man is not confined to one outlet for his vital energy. The creative urge, for example, transcends the body and the self.

But for the beat generation all *is* sex. Nothing is more revealing of the way of life and literary aspirations of this group than their attitude toward sex. For the beatnik, like the hipster, is in opposition to a society that is based on the repression of the sex instinct. He has elevated sex—not Eros or libido but pure, spontaneous, uninhibited sex—to the rank of the godhead; it is Astarte, Ishtar, Venus, Yahwe, Dionysus, Christ, the mysterious and divine orgone energy flowing through the body of the universe. Jazz is sex, marijuana is a stimulus to sex, the beat tempo is adjusted to the orgiastic release of the sexual impulse. Lawrence Lipton, in *The Holy Barbarians,* stresses that for the beat generation sex is more than a source of pleasure; it is a mystique, and their private language is rich in the multivalent ambiguities of sexual reference so that they dwell in a sexualized universe of discourse. The singular uncompromising force of their revolt against the cult of restraint is illustrated by their refusal to dance in a public place. The dance is but a disguised ritual for the expression of ungratified sexual desire. For this reason, too, their language is more forthright and earthy. The beatniks crave a sexual experience in which their whole being participates.

It is therefore not surprising that they resist the lure of marriage and the trap of domesticity, for like cats they are determined not to tame their sexual energy. They withdraw to the underground of the slums where they can defy the precepts of legalized propriety. Unlike the heroes and flappers of the lost generation,

they disdain the art of "necking" and "petting." That is reserved for the squares. If they avoid the use of the pungent, outlawed four-letter word it is because it is taboo; it is sacred. As Lipton, the prophet of the beat generation, declares: "In the sexual act, the beat are filled with mana, the divine power. This is far from the vulgar, leering sexuality of the middle-class square in heat." This is the Holy Grail these knights of the orgasm pursue, this is the irresistible cosmic urge to which they respond.

If Wilhelm Reich is the Moses who has led them out of the Egypt of sexual slavery, Dylan Thomas is the poet who offers them the Dionysian dialectic of justification for their indulgence in liquor, marijuana, sex, and jazz. In addition, they have been converted to Zen Buddhism, with its glorification of all that is "natural" and mysteriously alive, the sense that everything in the world is flowing. Thus, paradoxically, the beat writers resort to "religious" metaphors: they are in search of mana, the spiritual, the numinous, but not anything connected with formal religion. What they are after is the beatific vision. And Zen Buddhism, though it is extremely difficult to understand how these internal contradictions are reconciled, helps them in their struggle to achieve personal salvation through sexual release.

The style of life chosen by the beat generation, the rhythm and ritual they have adopted as uniquely their own, is designed to enhance the value of the sexual experience. Jazz is good not only because it promotes wholeness but because of its decided sexual effect. Jazz is the musical language of sex, the vocabulary of the orgasm; indeed, it is maintained that the sexual element in jazz, by freeing the listener of his inhibitions, can have therapeutic value. That is why, the argument runs, the squares are so fearful of jazz and yet perversely fascinated by it. Instead of giving themselves spontaneously to the orgiastic release that jazz can give them, they undergo psychoanalysis or flirt with mysticism or turn to prostitutes for satisfaction. Thus jazz is transmuted into something holy, the sacred road to integration of being. Jazz, like sex, is a mystique. It is not a substitute for sex but a dynamic expression of the creative impulse in unfettered man.

The mystique of sex, combined with marijuana and jazz, is intended to provide a design for living. Those who are sexually liberated can become creatively alive and free, their instincts put

at the service of the imagination. Righteous in their denunciation of all that makes for death, the beat prophets bid all men become cool cats; let them learn to "swing" freely, to let go, to become authentically themselves, and then perhaps civilization will be saved. The beatnik, seceding from a society that is fatally afflicted with a deathward drive, is concerned with his personal salvation in the living present. If he is the child of nothingness, if he is the predestined victim of an age of atomic wars, then he will consult only his own organic needs and go beyond good and evil. He will not curb his instinctual desires but release the energy within him that makes him feel truly and fully alive, even if it is only for this brief moment before the apocalypse of annihilation explodes on earth.

That is why the members of the beat generation proudly assume the title of the holy barbarians; they will destroy the shrines, temples, museums, and churches of the state that is the implacable enemy of the life they believe in. Apart from the categorical imperative they derive from the metaphysics of the orgasm, the only affirmation they are capable of making is that art is their only refuge. Their writing, born of their experiments in marijuana and untrammeled sexuality, reflects the extremity of their existential alienation. The mind has betrayed them, reason is the foe of life; they will trust only their physical sensations, the wisdom of the body, the holy promptings of the unconscious. With lyrical intensity they reveal what they hate, but their faith in love, inspired by the revolutionary rhythms of jazz, culminates in the climax of the orgasm. Their work mirrors the mentality of the psychopath, rootless and irresponsible. Their rebellion against authoritarian society is not far removed from the violence of revolt characteristic of the juvenile delinquent.

And the life they lead is undisciplined and for the most part unproductive, even though they make a fetish of devoting themselves to some creative pursuit—writing, painting, music. They are non-conformists on principle. When they express themselves it is incandescent hatred that shines forth, the rage of repudiation, the ecstasy of negation. It is sex that obsesses them, sex that is at the basis of their aesthetic creed. What they discuss with dialectical seriousness is the degree to which sex can inspire the Muse. Monogamy is the vice from which the abjectly fearful middle

class continue to suffer, whereas the beatnik has the courage to break out of that prison of respectability. One girl describes her past, her succession of broken marriages, the abortions she has had and finally confesses that she loves sex and sees no reason why she must justify her passion. If it is an honest feeling, then why should she not yield to it? "*Most* often," she says, "it's the *monogamous* relationship that is *dis*honest." There is nothing holy in wedlock. This girl soon drops the bourgeois pyschiatrist who disapproves of her life. She finds married life stifling and every prolonged sex relationship unbearably monotonous.

This confession serves to make clear in part what is behind this sexual revolution: the craving for sensation for its own sake, the need for change, for new experiences. Boredom is death. In the realm of physical sensations, sex reigns supreme. Hence the beatniks sustain themselves on marijuana, jazz, free swinging poetry, exhausting themselves in orgies of sex; some of them are driven over the borderline of sanity and lose contact with reality. One beat poet composes a poem, "Lines on a Tijuana John," which contains a few happy hints for survival. The new fact the initiates of this cult have to learn is that they must move toward simplicity. The professed mission of this disaffiliated generation is to find a new way of life which they can express in poetry and fiction, but what they produce is unfortunately disordered, nourished solely on the hysteria of negation.

Who are the creative representatives of this movement? Nymphomaniacs, junkies, homosexuals, drug addicts, lesbians, alcoholics, the weak, the frustrated, the irresolute, the despairing, the derelicts and outcasts of society. They embrace independent poverty, usually with a "shack-up" partner who will help support them. They are full of contempt for the institution of matrimony. Their previous legalized marriages do not count, for they hold the laws of the state null and void. They feel they are leagued against a hostile, persecutory world, faced with the concerted malevolent opposition of squares and their hirelings, the police. This is the rhetoric of righteousness the beatniks use in defending their way of life, their search for wholeness, though their actual existence fails to reach these "religious" heights. One beatnik got the woman he was living with so involved in drugs and self-analysis and all-night sessions of sex that she was beginning to

crack up. What obsessions had she picked up during these long nights of talk? Sex as the creative principle of the universe, the secret of primitive religion, the life of myth. Everything in the final analysis reduced itself to sexual symbolism. In his chapter on "The Loveways of the Beat Generation," Lipton spares the reader none of the sordid details. No one asks questions about the free union of the sexes in West Venice so long as the partners share the negative attitudes of the group.

The women who come to West Venice, having forsaken radicalism, are interested in living only for the moment, in being constantly on the move. Others who are attracted to this Mecca of the beat generation are homosexuals, heroin addicts, and small-time hoodlums. Those who are sexual deviants are naturally drawn to join the beatniks. Since the homosexuals widely use marijuana, they do not have to be initiated. Part of the ritual of sex is the use of marijuana. As Lipton puts it: "The Eros is felt in the magic circle of marijuana with far greater force, as a unifying principle in human relationships, than at any other time except, perhaps, in the mutual metaphysical orgasms. The magic circle is, in fact, a symbol of and preparation for the metaphysical orgasm." Under the influence of marijuana the beatnik comes alive within and experiences a wonderfully enhanced sense of self as if he had discovered the open sesame to the universe of being. Carried high on this "charge," he composes "magical" poetry that captures the organic rhythms of life in words. If he thus achieves a lyrical, dreamlike, drugged intensity, he pays the price for his indulgence by producing work—Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" is a striking example of this tendency—that is disoriented, Dionysian but without depth and without Apollonian control. For drugs are in themselves no royal road to creativity. How is the beat poet to achieve unity of form when he is at the same time engaged in a systematic derangement of senses.

If love reflects the nature of man, as Ortega y Gasset believes, if the person in love betrays decisively what he is by his behavior in love, then the writers of the beat generation are creating a new literary genre. For them not love but sex is a creative force affecting every sphere of life. Whereas love remains forever beyond satisfaction and seeks to transcend the boundaries of the self, the orgastic love of the beatniks is designed to heighten the

sense of self. It repudiates the soul for the sake of the mystique of the metaphysical orgasm. The beat prophet draws no distinction between sexual love and the sexual instinct. In *On the Road,* by Jack Kerouac, the male characters burn with an impure, gemlike flame, passionately interested in drugs, jazz, drink, and sex. Dean Moriarty, the hero, is obsessed with sex: "to him sex was the one and only holy and important thing in life." His consuming passion is to "dig" life, to capture the beauty of the universe, to move in every direction, to know the meaning of time, to fulfill himself by pursuing sex in all its dimensions.

The characters in *On the Road* reach a stage of desperation when they must explode: they get drunk, they consume powerful doses of marijuana, cured or uncured, and then the visions come. That is how they say yes to life, by gratifying their desires, however perverse, of the moment, for they care about nothing but that. Everything is to be enjoyed. That is characteristic of Dean Moriarty, the fool of life, the saint of the beat generation. "He was BEAT—the root, the soul of the Beatific."

Pathetically ineffectual in their attempts to formulate an aesthetic based on drugged states of sexual hyperaesthesia, the beatniks engineer a revolt that seems mildly leftist when compared to the ultra-revolutionary mood of the hipsters, who are militant nihilists. For Hip is the philosophy of the apocalyptic orgasm, and Mailer is its prophet. As an underground man, defiant of the laws of society, the hipster is on his own, responsive only to the impulse of the moment. He might equally well be called the outsider, the American Existentialist who has gone the limit. He identifies himself with the Negro, the marginal man, who bears in his soul the mark of oppression. Hip derives from the Bohemian world of jazz, from mixed influences as D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, and Wilhelm Reich, but particularly from jazz, the mystique of the orgasm. As Existentialist the hipster is a mystical psychopath who does not reason but feel. Norman Mailer estimates that there are probably not more than one hundred thousand men and women—a surprisingly high number —who regard themselves as hipsters, psychopaths who can view their abnormality with a kind of detachment. These rebels will, like the beatniks, disdain the service of psychoanalysis, for they refuse to adjust. They are aware of their own sources of strength

as well as their limitations, and they know that they can be cured only through the therapy of the orgasm. That is the compulsion under which the hipster labors. His quest for "the good orgasm," which expands his creative possibilities, represents a violation of the taboos of society. The hipster becomes a sexual outlaw because that offers him, according to Mailer, the only chance of remaining physically alive, throbbing with the elemental energy of creation. Unlike the beatnik, he prefers to get his mystical experience not from Zen but directly from the body of a woman. Mailer, in *Advertisements for Myself,* voices the hope that out of the radical nihilation of Hip and the sexual revolution it inaugurates a process of rebirth will take place.

Norman Mailer engages in an elaborate analysis—and justification—of the character of the psychopathic hipster, even of his impulse to murder. Then Mailer proceeds to give the existentialist interpretation of the orgasm as therapy, the salvation wrought by the good orgasm, the apocalyptic orgasm. That is how the hipster remains healthy instead of being frustrated, impotent, and wretched all his life long, like the squares. The hipster, the pilgrim in search of sexual fulfillment, knows how sexually deprived he is but he does something about his condition; he is prepared to fight for the miracle of growth. That is why "Go" has become his banner and battlecry. That is how the hipster moves toward the goal of creation, open to all the varieties of experience. Here, then, is the manifesto of sexual freedom, and Mailer indites its "theology" of justification.

Mailer is convinced that the hipster, the rebel *par excellence,* is compelled to attack the sexual morality of his time. Out of the fulfillment of the biological instincts of man will the world be regenerated. But Hip, when it is examined critically not for its revolutionary ideology but for its creative expression, amounts to very little. With the single exception of Mailer, the writers in the Hip movement are not only undistinguished but singularly unproductive. American Existentialism based on Hip is largely theory, vision, program, not yet a fruitful working enterprise. The hipsters are too fiercely wedded to their subjectivity and their need for sexual expression to have sufficient energy left for the difficult labor of creation. It is not at all the case that the hipster desires to be himself, for he does not know what he is, and his

experiments in excess are not designed to bring about the fulfillment of his creative needs. The revolt of the hipster resolves itself into a demand for sexual license.

It is unfortunate for the development of a writer when he gives hostages to fortune by committing himself fanatically to some philosophy or faith, for then he runs the danger of becoming a cultist, a true believer, and the energy that should go into the making of his books is dissipated in evangelical exhortation. What is more, by giving himself wholly to one point of view, he shuts off possibilities of awareness not included within that framework. Mailer suffers from this restriction. In his defense of Hip, the new "religion" for modern man, he has become shrilly argumentative—a bad sign in an imaginative writer whose function is to reveal and not to judge. Hip is actually the antithesis of art. What, after all, has it to do with literature? That is the question. Mailer believes, of course, that Hip is capable of generating wonderful sensations, revelations direct from love. Hip is experience, Hip is sex, Hip is mysticism and salvation, and the hipster is willing to gamble on his faith in redemption through the flesh, even if he proves wrong and suffers eternal damnation for his sins. But all this still fails to make clear how the literature of Hip deepens the moral consciousness of people.

Mailer assures the reader that his "Notes toward a Psychology of the Orgy," together with his essay on "The White Negro," constitutes the heart of *Advertisements for Myself,* a programmatic commitment to Hip. In the list of descriptive terms he draws up by way of definition, Hip is associated, among other things, with the spontaneous and the instinctive, the perverse and the nihilistic, with sex and the body, Wilhelm Reich and Trotsky and the Negro, with marijuana, doubt, murder, sex, and seduction by touch. The Catholic essence belongs with Hip, the Protestant ethnic with Square. Mailer points out that modern man has transformed his commodities into sexual symbols and these dominate his system of production. This induces an increment of biological guilt, "for the urge to mate is dying in us and we need the spice of a dead object." That is how the symptoms of the psychotic, the gravitation toward death, are making themselves felt in our mass society with its rigidities and repressions.

It was the severe struggle Mailer passed through in composing

The Deer Park and finally getting it published that turned him into a rebel. His novel dealt totally with sex but in this lay its controlling moral content. Sex as a literary subject, he feels, "is perhaps the last remaining frontier of the novel which has not been exhausted by the nineteenth and early twentieth century novelists." The generation of novelists to which he belongs tried to push back the frontiers of sex but they were punished cruelly for their iconoclastic temerity, their pages distorted or cut, their work ignored or reviled. Now Mailer is about to undertake a project that may take him ten years to complete, a novel which will break down all the established inhibitions, but the selection he offers, "The Time of Her Time," from this work in progress, does little to arouse hope for a masterpiece. We are told the story of Sergius O'Shaugnessy, the protagonist of *The Deer Park*, and his "heroic" efforts to bring a stubbornly resistant Jewish girl to a sexual climax. In his "Prologue to a Long Novel," Mailer declares that his aim is to destroy innocence, to strip aside the foul lies that cover the live body of love, but the "Prologue" fails to carry much conviction. It is largely an outline of his metaphysic of time as growth, time as orgasm.

The blunt, debunking truth is that the aesthetic philosophy of the orgasm offers no guarantee that the writer will be able to fulfill himself creatively. All experiences, the unconscious and the superconscious, love and sex, heaven and hell, dream and reality, life and death, are open to literary treatment, but the assumption that by exploring the orgasmic theme the novelist can make a uniquely new and original contribution is open to question. In *The Deer Park* the sections devoted to sexual experimentation of the most perversely varied and ingenious kind are unrelieved in their dullness, whereas the chapters which portray the Existential anguish of disillusionment, the weariness of the flesh after it has undergone the crucifixion of seeking God through the orgasm, the search for meaning and values that elude these lost wanderers in the hell of lust, are poignantly human and sound the authentic note of tragic loss and defeat.

We shall probably witness in the near future a school of sex-obsessed fiction, novels dealing with sexual symbols and orgasmic experience. In them instinct will be enthroned and sex reduced to physiology. Robert Elliot Fitch, in *The Decline and Fall of*

Sex, is perfectly correct in pointing out that the whole issue of the treatment of sexuality in literature, the portrayal of human beings as animals in search of the metaphysical or apocalyptic orgasm, relates to the writer's conception of the nature of man. The writers of the beat generation and particularly the devotees of Hip worship the divine Priapus: "Sex is Life. Sex is the Self. Sex is the Resurrection and the Life." This is the pass to which we have come. Mailer declares that he wishes "to attempt an entrance into the mysteries of murder, suicide, incest, orgy, orgasm, and Time. These themes now fill my head and make me think I have a fair chance to become the first philosopher of Hip." That is the heroic destiny he hopes to capture by courageously defending the cause of sex.

Hip as a promise of salavation must be distinguished from Hip as a creative program. Energy, as William Blake knew, is eternal delight and the road of excess may lead to the palace of wisdom, madness may be divinest sense, but art is not magically fructified by the strategy of sexual revolt. The beat writers and the hipsters have decided that to desire but act not breeds pestilence, but what does it breed in terms of literature? What is true of life is not necessarily true of art. The hipster can damn braces, but the writer needs them urgently. It is suicidal to jettison all tradition, to relinquish all the values and forms that the literature of the past has brought to fruition. Man lives in a world of culture, not in the wilderness; the doors of perception must be cleansed but they will not be regenerated or even heightened by resort to drugs. The body of the flesh must be affirmed, but the affirmation is in itself an act of spirit, a creative transcendence. If the members of the beat generation wish to worship the god of sexuality, that is their privilege, but as writers their work will be judged by its content and form and not by its revolutionary theory, by its achievement and not by the romantic intensity of their life. It remains to be seen whether the hipsters and beat writers can impose on their libidinal impulses the austere discipline without which their literary productions are only a hoarse cry of defiance or a marijuana dream of consummation that never comes to pass.

authors

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for which she received a Colorado Authors' League "top-hand" award.

ARLEIGH A. BURKE ("Our national defense position," p. 263), a native of Boulder, Colorado, is Chief of Naval Operations. Admiral Burke's article was originally a speech given during the 1960 Summer Lecture Series at the University of Colorado.

MARTIN ROBBINS ("Three poems," p. 273) is now in the public relations department of Yeshiva University in New York City.

ROBERT L. TYLER ("Cincinnatus plans his day," poem, p. 276), who teaches American history at Ball State Teachers College, has published verse in a number of magazines.

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG ("Sex in contemporary literature," p. 277), Professor of English at Brooklyn College and a member of the faculty of the New School of Social Research, is a well-known essayist and editor in the field of literary criticism. He is also author of three books, the most recent being *Literature and Religion: A Study of Conflict* (Southern Methodist University Press, 1960).